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RUSSIA AND FRANCE v. ENGLAND.

THE eminent M. PAUL DEROULÈDE is announced as the chosen representative of the French press at the funeral of M. KATKOFF; and, whatever this may really mean, there can be no doubt what it is intended to mean by those who have arranged it. Of M. KATKOFF himself we speak biographically elsewhere, and he is only here interesting to us as symbolizing or impersonating the feeling (more strongly felt perhaps in Russia now than in any other European country, and undoubtedly a source of strength to that country) of indiscriminating and enthusiastic patriotism. No Englishman who is worthy of the name can find much fault with the dead Russian journalist for a characteristic which, more than any other, is the last infirmity of noble minds. M. KATKOFF did not love our nation; but it was only because he loved his own, and that was a very good and sufficient reason. His memory might have been more honoured if he had been more scrupulous about the methods and the times of advancing the flag of Russia; but such unscrupulousness is the special fault of his countrymen. Of the great position which he occupied, it is sufficient to say that nothing like it could be open to any journalist except in a country where the desire for information is strong and the amount of opportunity for obtaining it very small, where the press is as yet in a very imperfectly organized and very much hampered condition, and where the general education of the people is much below the general level of their intelligence. To Germany M. KATKOFF (as German newspapers, with the bluntness and also with the lack of chivalry characteristic of the nation, have frankly observed) was a much more formidable and a much bitterer foe than to England, and he was right in so being. For England and Russia are only accidentally enemies, and though until Russian ways are much altered a real *modus vivendi* between them is not probable, there is nothing in the circumstances which renders it intrinsically impossible. Between Russia and Germany no final or lasting accommodation is possible; for both must inevitably, sooner or later, begin the fight for domination in Eastern Europe, and both are so strong that it is almost impossible to conceive either as beaten into acquiescence in the immediate result.

It is a commonplace that in a country like Russia personality counts for far more than it does elsewhere, and it is by no means improbable, though at the same time by no means certain, that the disappearance of so active an agent, possessing special influence on the other personality of the Czar, may considerably alter that conduct of Russia of which the presence of M. DEROULÈDE at M. KATKOFF's grave is the symbol. It may be admitted at once that to closet-politicians, even the cleverest of them, an active and offensive alliance of France and Russia may seem an almost inevitable arrangement. On the Continent of Europe, on the Continent of Asia, and on the shores of that "naumachia" of the world, the Mediterranean, the possessions of the two Powers and the objects coveted by them are disposed with a most beautiful symmetry. At home they march nowhere, and have their eyes fixed on no common object. Russia wants nothing on the southern shore of the Mediterranean; France, putting the barest traditions and sentimentalities aside, has no interests in the north. Both are opposed to England in Asia, but the opposition of France is in the extreme south-east, that of Russia in the far north-west. Both are opposed to England as regards the spoils of the Turkish Empire; but France longs to dominate on the Nile, Russia on the

Bosphorus. Both have scores to pay off and desires to satiate in the direction of Germany, but on diametrically opposite sides. Even looking away from the three battle-fields just mentioned, the same admirable adjustment prevails; for Russia, anxious to expand her enormous ring-fence, wants no conquests beyond sea, and France, having, even if she were victorious, but small verge for expansion by land, is anxious for colonies in the Pacific. It is, on a slate, an alliance such as there seldom has been—a community of enemies, no clashing of interests, and even a very pretty supplementing of different kinds of strengths, for Russia is proportionately stronger by land and France by sea. Nothing, we say, could, on paper, be prettier.

It is, however, the unfortunate experience of mankind that things which look prettiest on paper are the hardest to get into working order; and it does not appear that the Franco-Russian alliance is free from this drawback. The very fact that the spheres of action of the two are so far apart makes it exceedingly difficult for them to act together; while of their two great probable enemies (enemies whom joint action on their part would inevitably conjoin), Germany has, of all existing Powers, the greatest facilities for striking heavily and promptly at any weak point, either west or east, while England, from the diffusion of her force, is best able to attack at a multitude of points at once. Besides, there are other difficulties. Although the Republicanism of France is an odd kind of Republicanism, still it is Republican, and Russia is nothing if not Monarchical. It cannot have slipped the memory of any one how in the war scare of a few months ago the tone of Russia grew cool just as that of France grew hot, and the "chalarous under-standing" of toasts and punches ended in a pretty distinct intimation from Russian official organs that a respectable Czar really could not associate with *canaille*, however well meaning. A great community of interest might overcome this dislike, but the cooler-headed Frenchmen may on examination come to doubt whether such a community of interest really exists. It is certain that France would run a tremendous risk in any great enterprise of the kind—a risk from which Russia would be almost entirely free. For until an absolute break-up of Russia takes place, which cannot be yet, the Russians may be defeated, but can hardly be invaded. France, as we all know, can be defeated and invaded both; while the exceedingly probable result of the shutting up of Russian fleets in the Baltic and Black Sea would mean the division of the whole French Colonial Empire (most of which is not colonized at all, and only weakly occupied) between England and Germany.

It is very natural that attempts should be made at this moment on the French side to get up once more a kind of function of swearing fraternity between the two Powers. Russia has just scored, if not a great, yet a solid, success in the matter of the Afghan frontier, and is not probably disposed to be very aggressive for some time, while both Germany and England have strictly abstained from opposing her policy towards Bulgaria. But the French have got no further in their attempts to turn us out of Egypt, and the expressions attributed, without contradiction, to M. FLOURENS would seem to show that they are not even yet conscious that their imprudent action in regard to the Anglo-Turkish Convention has exactly defeated their own wishes. They want, they say, to get England to fix a day for evacuation. Alas for those who mistake the opportunity when the fulfilment of their own desires is offered them! M. FLOURENS, whether he knows it or not, has only another and less cheerful

opportunity now, that of contemplating the baldness of Occasion's occiput. England did fix a date for evacuation, and the French would not have it; nor, unless English statesmen (which is, of course, always possible under God-granted Parliamentary institutions) become idiotic, will they ever have the chance again. But neither the half nor the whole consciousness of this is likely to make Frenchmen accept the situation quietly, and it would appear that they still hanker after a Russian alliance. It is not probable that they will get it. But, whether they do or not, it is important to remember that such an alliance is, and must be, directed against England as much as, perhaps even more than, against Germany. The late M. KATKOFF was active in firing Russian feeling against both, and others will no doubt take up his torch. The point of greatest importance is the question, Who will succeed to his influence with the CZAR? This is a question which, it may be very shrewdly suspected, no one can answer, though no doubt there are many who are quite ready to answer it offhand.

THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

THE current number of the *National Review* contains two valuable contributions to the Home Rule controversy. Lord SELBORNE examines Mr. GLADSTONE's repeated quotations of the supposed judgment of the civilized world. Sir WILLIAM ANSON exposes, among many other fallacies of Mr. GLADSTONE's, his perverse professions of contempt for that education which, "as Mr. BRYCE pleasantly observes, "is apt to fill people with a vain conceit of their own "knowledge." At first sight it might be thought strange that either a highly accomplished statesman or a learned and accurate scholar should depreciate the qualities which they are themselves known to possess; but it is not among their equals that agitators look for converts or adherents. The most ignorant members of the community are also the most credulous and the least independent. The servile adulation which is lavished on the masses is suggested by the knowledge that they are incapable of forming a judgment of their own. There is, perhaps, some inconsistency in simultaneous appeals to the civilized world, which would seem to consist of the cultivated portions of society, and to the multitude which has not been filled by education with a vain conceit of knowledge; but in both cases the test of sound judgment is conformity to Mr. GLADSTONE's opinion. Mr. BRYCE might defend his apparent contempt for education by the authority of the most popular of recent writers. DICKENS persuaded himself that he was not only an acute observer and a consummate master of comic effect, but a great moral teacher. Irreverent commentators remarked that the moral of his works was that the lowest haunts of crime were the best schools of sentiment and morality. In his imaginary world education and competence always produce dishonesty, selfishness, and vulgarity. At the same time his critics admitted that the motives of the author were on the whole good, and that his grotesque paradoxes of character and conduct had no tendency to corrupt or mislead his vast circle of readers. Mr. GLADSTONE and the prophets of his creed are less disinterested than DICKENS. They disparage the judgment of scholars and philosophers because it is almost universally unfavourable to themselves.

One of Lord SELBORNE's remarks on the reference to the opinion of the civilized world is novel as well as ingenious. The great advocate of Home Rule, the inventor of the modern Heptarchy, while he contends for the exclusive competence of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales to manage their respective affairs, would nevertheless supersede the authority of the United Kingdom over matters which are exclusively domestic. The Imperial Parliament is, it seems, incompetent to legislate for Wales; but a miscellaneous or imaginary concourse of foreigners is to overrule its judgment on the government of Great Britain and Ireland. The United Kingdom is therefore less capable than any other part of the civilized world to decide the question of Home Rule. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE would confine the disability to England, but Wales is at present not an integral part of the outside civilized world. It is true that in all Mr. GLADSTONE's inconsistencies there is a common principle. Disintegration is connected with cosmopolitan unity of opinion by a tendency to promote Mr. GLADSTONE's objects, or rather to satisfy his personal ambition. The Legislatures of American States or the Parliament of Canada are encouraged to usurp an influence in English

politics to which they have not a shadow of claim. Sir W. ANSON appropriately quotes the rebuff which was administered by Mr. GLADSTONE's Colonial Secretary to the same Parliament when it was guilty of a similar impropriety on a former occasion. Now Canada has become a constituent part of the civilized world. The half-dozen obscure Americans who lately gave Mr. GLADSTONE a paltry piece of silver are not less entitled to represent universal civilization. The gross bad taste of such interference in matters with which the intruders have nothing to do deprives, as Lord SELBORNE observes, any (so-called) opinion of which they may be manifestations of all title to respect. Mr. GLADSTONE naturally forgets that, until last year, his conduct and opinions were, according to his present statement, obnoxious to the disapproval of the civilized world.

That part of the civilized world which is represented by American State Legislatures and newspapers was equally hostile to the English policy with respect to Ireland during Mr. GLADSTONE's administration. He and his colleagues were, as Lord SELBORNE says, "making incessant remonstrances against the license allowed to the advocates of "outrage, assassination, and the dismemberment of the "British Empire, in the Irish American press. The answers "to their remonstrances were always to the same effect, that "the people and Government of the United States had no "sympathy with these persons or their ideas, and that they "were of too little real importance to require or justify "notice." It must not be forgotten that Lord SELBORNE was an important member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, and that he was believed to be connected with his chief by the closest personal and political bonds. It would be incorrect to say that they have drifted asunder, for Lord SELBORNE has changed none of his opinions. The conversion of Mr. GLADSTONE has sufficed to bring the former colleagues into directly antagonistic positions. It could not have been believed two or three years ago that Mr. GLADSTONE would describe the funds transmitted by the Fenians as "contributions sent over the seas for the purpose of enabling Ireland "to assert her constitutional rights in a constitutional "manner." It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE has been in a certain sense consistent in his judgment on the expediency of national disruption. More than twenty years ago he congratulated the President of the seceding American States on having made an army and a navy, and on being about to make a nation. The extravagant admiration which he has since professed for the Americans and their Union perhaps corresponds less with his real opinion than his declaration in favour of the Confederate cause. He is now doing his utmost to make three or four provinces of the United Kingdom into as many independent nations. The objects of his newborn enthusiasm repudiated his present doctrines when they were applied to themselves.

Lord SELBORNE demands to know, if he is taunted with the clamorous opinion of foreigners, whether those who support Home Rule are the friends or the enemies of Great Britain. The French enemies of this country are unanimously in favour of disruption, for the obvious reason that it would weaken or destroy a Power which they detest. Their condemnation of English policy on all other points is not less sweeping than their approval of Mr. GLADSTONE's present agitation. Mr. PARNELL's friend, M. ROCHEFORT, has never made a secret of his irreconcilable hatred of England. Almost every other party in France has from time to time sought to acquire popularity by professing animosity to England. France ought, therefore, in all fairness to be omitted from the catalogue of nations which contribute to form the opinion of the civilized world. The judgment of States as of persons is to be deduced, not from their advice to their neighbours, but from their conduct of their own affairs. Since the Great Revolution France has been the most thoroughly centralized of any European community. Historians and orators still condemn the efforts of La Vendée to oppose the national will. The atrocities of CARRIER and his compatriots at Lyons still find literary apologists, because the proconsuls appointed by the Commission of Public Safety and by the Convention were engaged in stamping out the last vestiges of Home Rule. The resolute vindication of national unity by the Americans of the North has already been mentioned. Almost every great European State has been created or enlarged during the present century by the annexation of dominions which were formerly independent. Lord SALISBURY, in a late speech, referred to the case of Sicily, which had always been partially separated

from the Neapolitan kingdom, and which had sometimes been subject to a separate dynasty. What, asked Lord SALISBURY, would be the opinion of Italian patriots and statesmen on a proposal for re-establishing a Sicilian Legislature and Constitution? Sir W. ANSON enumerates the duchies and republics which have, to the satisfaction of all true Italians, been amalgamated into the Italian kingdom. Genoa, with its Republican traditions, no longer demands the restoration of the Commonwealth. Venice is content to close the glorious history of more than a thousand years in the hope of a still greater future. Florence and Milan acknowledge the precedence of Rome. The Tuscan duchies, the former States of the Church, and the kingdom of Naples feel that they have acquired a new dignity as component parts of a united Italy. In Germany Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover are content to forget that they once took a share in determining the policy of Europe. It is a better thing to be members of a great national empire than to pursue petty schemes of territorial aggrandizement. These things have been done within recent memory by the civilized world. What the civilized world is, falsely for the most part, supposed to have said has little comparative significance.

WORKING WOMEN.

MR. WALTER BESANT'S animated letter on behalf of the Committee of the Working Women Conference has naturally aroused general interest. The condition of women's wages and employment in London is admitted on all hands to be deplorable. Bad as it is, however, there can be no doubt that Mr. BESANT and his colleagues are right in judging that inquiry should precede consideration, and the proposed inquiry by voluntary sub-committees is a practical and well-considered plan, far more likely than any eleemosynary efforts to produce good results. Every one must hope that Mr. BESANT'S appeal will receive full and ready response. Unlike most appeals to public sympathy, it does not incite to the perfunctory discharge of charity, as it is commonly understood. It invokes the assistance of persons of tact and discretion, co-operating in the collection of pertinent facts and figures, which it is hoped may prove of sufficient value to suggest practicable lines of remedial action. In one of PEACOCK'S diverting novels we have a number of ardent reformers who on a festive occasion proposed various plans for the world's amelioration. Among them is a learned economist, who represents a section of theorists who have a more considerable following now than they had at the date of the first Reform Bill. "Nothing is so easy," he says, "as to lay down the outlines of 'perfect society. There wants nothing but money to set 'it going.' Happily Mr. BESANT'S programme of inquiry differs wholly from the short view of the confident theorist. The Committee, we may trust, are fully alive to the extremely complicated nature of the problem, or set of problems, with which they propose to deal. Bearing in mind the notorious predilections of certain members of the Conference, it is impossible not to rejoice in the abnegation that is implied in the final sentence of Mr. BESANT'S letter. Nothing, indeed, could be more explicit and reassuring. "The Committee have no views of their own to advance and no theories to defend." This statement we are glad to accept as an augury, if not a guarantee, that the investigations will be strictly carried out on common-sense principles. The success of the Conference next winter largely depends on the preliminary labours of those who will be engaged in conducting the inquiry and amassing information. It is, therefore, highly satisfactory to be assured authoritatively that every one concerned is pledged to impartiality, and there is no reason to fear that the Conference will be rendered inconclusive by the conflict of theories. After so excellent a beginning nothing could be more disheartening than to witness a similar catastrophe to that which befell PEACOCK'S social reformers, each of whom fell to balauding his pet scheme in a chorus which curiously anticipated both the manner and metre of Mr. W. S. GILBERT.

The more the comprehensive scope of Mr. BESANT'S scheme of inquiry is considered, the greater the need of tact and caution will appear. Two of the three sub-committees will devote themselves to spheres of inquiry that may well be productive of important results. There is, firstly, the condition of women's wages and work; and, secondly, the nature and utility of existing associations designed to improve the position of working women. These objects are

obviously practical and of first importance. A third sub-committee is to report on "the relations of work to the 'social life,' a field of inquiry that suggests an almost limitless happy hunting-ground for the crotchettmonger, and one that may prove, without extremely judicious conduct, to be beyond the immediate aims of the Conference, even if it does not seriously impede its action. Believing that substantial good may result from the project as a whole, we feel anxious that this somewhat vague branch of inquiry should be rigidly defined. Apart from this, the co-related questions of employment, work, and competition are sufficiently complicated to occupy all the energies of the Conference. One of the subjects to be dealt with is "the competition of Germans and Jews," and with the question of competition that of population is inextricably involved. The large Jewish community of the East End ought not, perhaps, to be placed in one category with Germans or other foreigners. The latter are, in fact, a fluctuating population in which the pauper element is considerable. The Jews, on the other hand, have long formed an integral and fixed portion of industrial London, and we should be surprised if the distinction is not emphasized at the coming Conference. There exist, we believe, several associations organized to promote simpler relations between working women and employers. They aim at abolishing the middleman, that dreadful middleman whose abolition will lead to a millennium, so simple souls believe. Let it be imagined that the middleman is deposed from his bad eminence, and thousands of toilers rejoice in higher wages and more diffused employment. For what space of time would the improved condition of female labour realize the roseate dreams of thimble-leaguers and other enthusiasts? In a few years the growth of population would bring about the old "diseases of over-work and under-pay." Nor is it improbable that the abhorred middleman might once more take heart under the patronage of a new order of philanthropists, who will discover that he too is flesh, and is worthy of the plea of SHYLOCK. Dealing with stern facts and problems of exceeding difficulty, the Working Women Conference will, we trust, show a relentless front to unsound fancies. Everybody will await the conclusion of their labours with interest and good will.

THE BRIDGETON ELECTION.

THE return of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN at Bridgeton was all but a foregone conclusion, and his return by an increased majority was, to say the least, exceedingly probable beforehand. If in the excitement of the general election this constituency was sufficiently leavened with Irish voters, or sufficiently insensible to political considerations, to return a provincial journalist, having no direct connexion with the place and no political or literary record of any importance, it could hardly be expected that it should desert the PARNELL-GLADSTONE cause when it was represented by an ex-Minister of Cabinet rank, a distinguished politician and littérateur, a man of blood partly Scotch, and identified with Scotland during his whole political career. It may be thought that Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY'S reduced poll as compared with the polls of Mr. MACKENZIE and Mr. MAITLAND, both of whom stood as Conservatives, points to the repetition of a blunder which has elsewhere been prejudicial to the Unionist cause, the blunder of choosing a Liberal Unionist where Conservatives are in the majority, or *vice versa*. Certainly no candidate could have fought the fight with better taste or greater vigour than Mr. ASHLEY, whose consistency is unimpeached, whose attacks on his opponent were as correct in tone as they were damaging in force and character, and whose good humour throughout the contest contrasted remarkably with Sir GEORGE'S querulous complaints of the wickedness of the Unionists in calling a spade a spade. But the constituency which had returned Mr. RUSSELL would have been, from the point of view of the political man of the world, though a commendable, a rather unintelligible constituency if it had refused Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who must have carried the Gladstonian vote solid, and who no doubt (by tactics better known than thought of) succeeded in his attempt to filch some Liberal Unionist suffrages; while it is very probable that some Conservative electors could not bring themselves to vote for so consistent and thoroughgoing a Liberal as Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY.

Of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN'S conduct the less said the better for Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, though certainly the more said of it the better for the Unionist cause. He has

won his seat, but he has forfeited the respect of most men of nice political honour, even though they may acknowledge that, in the infinite intricacies of the human mind, he has fully convinced himself that his conduct is not dishonourable. The very Salvationists of Gladstonianism, the MUNDELLS and the CAMPBELL-BANNERMANS, must look on such a lagging and half-hearted recruit with secret contempt. There was once a character of FALKLAND (not written by CLARENDON) which, if Sir GEORGE takes the most honourable part, or the least dishonourable, still open to him, may fit him very exactly. It may be that when Mr. GLADSTONE next brings in a Bill handing over all the authority of the Imperial Parliament, save such as is retained by a few illusory guarantees, to Mr. PARNELL and his crew, Sir GEORGE will once more draw back, will "vote for a Regency and die a Non-juror." It is the best thing left to him, and it is not a very cheerful fate. How low he has stooped may be judged from an incident, all the details of which we take, to prevent mistake of any sort, from the official Scotch Gladstonian newspaper. Among the persons whose aid Sir GEORGE accepted or entreated was Mr. A. L. BROWN, who defeated him in the Border Burghs when he stood as a Unionist, and who may be described for shortness as a kind of Scotch Mr. CONYBEARE without Mr. CONYBEARE'S education. This person made a speech, in the course of which he asked what Scotchmen would do if they had no resource but little bits of ground under a rackrenting landlord? "A voice" cried "Shoot him," and if Mr. A. L. BROWN or Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who was listening, intimated disapproval of the answer, the *Scottish Leader*, which gives the report, contains no intimation of either protest. We are, of course, entirely ignorant whether this report is correct or not, and the newspaper from which we take it must bear the responsibility. But if it is (and the source is as pure as anything Gladstonian can be) Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN enters Parliament as a representative of "A Voice, 'Shoot him.'"

The general result of the election must, however, we should suppose, be most unpleasant to those who believe most firmly in extended suffrage and popular constituencies. It does little or no harm to the Unionist cause, for AMURATH-TREVELYAN merely succeeds AMURATH-RUSSELL. It illustrates more forcibly than any election that has yet taken place the jettison of convictions, of honour, of patriotism, of argument, of temper, which even the most respectable men must make when they wish to sail on board the Gladstonian boat. It encumbers the crew of that boat with an only half-welcome companion who is nearly certain to bring inconvenient remnants of conscience with him, and at some critical moment to be found in the cabin and an agony of remorse when he ought to be repulsing Unionist boarders, or jovially taking off a can of Sir JOSEPH PEASE'S or Mr. CAUSTON'S rumbos. These are not things for which Unionists as Unionists need deeply grieve. But the result is anything but pleasant for those who believe that a town constituency some ten thousand strong is the most accurate and sensitive instrument for coming to a decision on all questions of politics and morals. We should doubt whether even the thoughtful Home Ruler (who may exist) is really much pleased with it, for reasons to be mentioned presently. And, except to those ardent politicians who, like Sir GEORGE, put party above everything, the Bridgeton verdict must be a disquieting one. There is, of course, no question how an impartial jury of the civilized world would have decided between Mr. ASHLEY and Sir GEORGE. The jury might or might not have inclined to Gladstonianism. But they would certainly have said that Sir GEORGE'S record was too hopelessly inconsistent for him to be a fit and proper representative of anything at all. They would have sent him back to get together some intelligible collection of principles, and then have decided whether the collection of principles was commendable as well as intelligible. And meanwhile they would have told him that, until the clerestories towards the south-north of his political mind were a little more lustrous than ebony and the bay-windows of his policy a little more transparent than barricades, they must reluctantly decline to have anything to do with him. But the Bridgeton majority has no fear or care of these things, and is perfectly willing to take Sir GEORGE as a Unionist-Gladstonian, a person beaten by Mr. BROWN (who, to do him justice, does not appear to have changed at all himself) at Hawick and warmly supported by Mr. BROWN at Glasgow, a member who disagrees with nearly all the important propositions of Mr. GLADSTONE'S scheme, and is prepared enthusiastically to accept that scheme as a whole.

But there is more to be said as to the political efficiency

of this Member-of-Parliament-making machine. Put it that the Bridgeton majority is a majority convinced in favour of Home Rule. But Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has not stood as a candidate convinced in favour of Home Rule. He has eaten his convictions against it; it does not yet by any means appear that he has achieved the feat of digesting them into convictions for it. At any rate, he has given the Bridgeton electors no argument to support his new position except the sole and single one, that he must and will at any cost cling to the Liberal party and abjure, resist, and confound the Conservative party. He does not care whether the Liberal party brings in measures which are not Liberal; he does not care whether the Conservative party brings in measures which are Liberal. For him it is sufficient, as for BURNS'S simple soldier, to be shown the enemy, and his only concern is, if possible, to kill "two at a blow." If the Liberal party requests him to say that two and two make four to-day, he says it; and if the Liberal party, or what he calls the Liberal party, requests him to say that two and two make five to-morrow, he says that. And this view of political intelligence and political morality the electors of Bridgeton have accepted. Thus the Unionist cause stands very much where it did; Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN stands also very much where he has stood for the last few weeks. But the apparent capacity of large constituencies to judge political argument, personal fitness, and the general questions which should govern the selection of Parliament men, stands very distinctly lower.

TWO DOGS.

THE long-haired colley did come to King's College Hospital to have his leg tied up, and his two terrier friends did bring him, and bark until somebody came, and all three eventually departed into the Ewigkeit. We do not doubt it for an instant, and would not for worlds be supposed to throw a shadow of discredit on the story. But, perfectly true though the story is which the Secretary of the Hospital told in the *Times*, and the Hall Porter, with greater simplicity of phrase and less amplitude of detail, in the *Standard*, it is equally true that that dog is a chestnut. So are both the terriers chestnuts, and if the colley comes back at reasonable intervals to have the wound dressed, he will continue to be a chestnut to the end of the chapter. The only thing about it that is not chestnuts is the hospital selected. Last time it was Charing Cross.

Oddly enough on the very day when the chestnut colley was presented to a sympathetic public, another story of canine heroism—that is a story with a dog for hero—was culled from the *Northern Ensign*. In this case the dog was a Yorkshire terrier, and his name was Charlie. He was one of "a party of local visitors to John O'Groat's" (What is a local visitor?), which was "approaching the highest point of the cliff at Duncansby Head, opposite the "Stacks." Charlie, at this inopportune moment, happened to be "bounding after a rabbit." What became of the rabbit is not reported, but Charlie bounded over the cliff, which, according to the *Northern Ensign*, is three hundred feet high. Thereupon, "all felt sad at heart," which does them credit. Charlie's master, more practical than the rest, was "anxious to see if any trace of his body" could be discovered floating about. What sort of trace he expected to see is not stated; but, whatever it was, he was agreeably disappointed, for on looking over the cliff he saw Charlie at the bottom, sitting comfortably on a rock, and probably wondering how on earth he was to get up again. The bottom of the cliff could not in the then state of the tide be approached in a boat, so the local visitors descended "by a path known to inhabitants of the district, some of whom also went down along with the visitors" (this shows that a local visitor is not an inhabitant of the district), and Charlie was rescued, so little the worse for his adventure that when he got back to his hotel he "smelt game," and soon "put a rat hors de combat."

If Charlie jumped clear off a cliff three hundred feet into the sea, he is a very surprising terrier. If he jumped a clear three hundred feet on to a rock, he is more surprising still. Of course cliffs of that height, with a perpendicular fall from the top to the bottom, are not over-common, but the possibility of looking over and seeing the dog from the top suggests that this was one. Can it be that Charlie's hair was so long that it served him as a parachute, like the petticoats of the lady who jumped off Clifton Suspension

Bridge, and returned home not materially the worse physically, and much "more settled in her mind"! Yet, if this were the case, one would have expected him, when gently deposited on the rock where he was desecrated by his master, to have had all his wits about him, and either to have begun diving for the rabbit, or to have set out soberly up the path known to the inhabitants of the district. It is a pity the *Northern Ensign*, or the local visitors, were not more explicit about that rabbit. If the cliff really goes down as sheer as the story suggests, the rabbit must, it would seem, have bounded over the edge before Charlie bounded after it. It cannot be supposed that a dog of such resource as to be able to jump down a hundred yards on rock would allow a rabbit to beat him by a double on the edge of a cliff. Altogether perplexities enough gather about the story to justify the comment that, though Charlie may not be a "chestnut"—as to which we say nothing—he is within a very few days of being a Long Vacation dog.

SIGNOR DEPRETIS.

IT is much to the credit of political parties in Italy that, with perhaps the exception of a few extreme Republicans, they all agree in doing honour to the memory of the late Prime Minister. There is little difference of opinion as to the qualities which enabled him to render valuable service to the State. He was neither a great orator nor an original statesman; but his natural and acquired tact and temper enabled him to exercise a moderating influence which tended to abate the irritation of contending parties. Originally a follower of CAVOUR, he shared in the various acts of policy which, with the aid of extraordinary good fortune, established the unity of Italy. After the death of CAVOUR and RICASOLI, he was one of the two most considerable Parliamentary leaders; and when MINIGHETTI died, DEPRETIS had no rival of equal authority among the candidates for high office. Signor CRISPI may be his superior in energy and intellectual ability; but he is more likely to provoke personal and political jealousy. In some respects the position of DEPRETIS resembled that of Lord PALMERSTON during the last six years of his life. Both Ministers belonged to the Liberal party, but they were both respected and in a great degree supported by their Conservative opponents. There are in Italy, as in England, fanatics of the type of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN who distrust all moderate exponents of popular principles. Fortunately the Italian Republicans are in a minority, and they can have no present hope of excommunicating their adversaries. The narrow and bitter intolerance of Mr. GLADSTONE's repentant proselyte would have offended the taste and judgment of DEPRETIS. He knew that all enlightened men held nearly the same opinions on the interests of the country, though the Conservatives may not have shared his confidence in the competence of the numerical majority.

There is reason to hope that the successors of DEPRETIS will continue his foreign policy. Italian statesmen, and indeed the nation itself, have shown remarkably sound judgment in asserting and strengthening the claim of their country to rank among the Great Powers of Europe. VICTOR EMMANUEL, who may perhaps as a promoter of Italian unity be placed on a level with CAVOUR, may also be said never to have made a political mistake. He countenanced the successful efforts of his great Minister to secure the support of the French Empire in a contest with Austria, which would otherwise have been hopelessly unequal. In the successive annexations of the Tuscan Duchies, of the Legations, of Sicily, and of Naples, the King often infringed the strict rules of political morality; but, even when his enemies accused him of crime, they scarcely charged either VICTOR EMMANUEL or CAVOUR with a blunder. They both knew how to make use of GARIBALDI's irregular spirit of adventure, and they profited by the vacillations of NAPOLEON III. Venice and the States of the Church, and at last Rome itself, fell into their hands. The King was not delicately scrupulous in his dealings with other Governments, but he was a genuine patriot. Although he was a sincere and zealous Catholic, he refused during a dangerous illness to make any of the political sacrifices which were required by PIUS IX. as conditions of his spiritual favour. A rough soldier on the throne with the religious convictions of a Piedmontese peasant must have been deeply hurt by the title of "excommunicated King," which was constantly bestowed upon him by the friends of the Church.

It is true that the term was not strictly applicable, because the sentence of excommunication had never been pronounced; but the King well knew that he was regarded at the Vatican as an heretical usurper.

During the reign of VICTOR EMMANUEL, DEPRETIS was constantly rising in official rank and in political influence; but he was not yet prominent enough to take a conspicuous share in the liberation of Italy. His generation of statesmen was required to occupy itself with the consolidation of the national fabric. One of the first dangers which threatened the new kingdom was the continuance of agitation for territorial aggrandizement when its objects were dangerously impracticable. The clamorous demand for the liberation of *Italia Irredenta* or of the country on the eastern seaboard of the Adriatic, has never been countenanced by a responsible Minister. It was useless to inquire whether any demand of the kind was recommended by justice or abstract expediency, inasmuch as it would have been wildly imprudent to force a quarrel on a Power so greatly superior as Austria. For several years past the Ministers of Italy have, to the best of their ability, cultivated friendly relations with Austria, and their advances have not been repelled, notwithstanding the heavy blows which had been struck in 1859 and 1866 against the former possessors of Lombardy and Venetia. Since the establishment of the alliance between Germany and Austria, Italy has sometimes sought to be admitted into the partnership, and it has always endeavoured to maintain friendly relations with both the central European Empires. Cool and far-sighted statesmen have understood that the danger which threatens their country is to be looked for in a different quarter. France, which has from the first regarded with jealousy the formation on her frontier of a great and united State, is also a Mediterranean Power. The occupation and subsequent annexation of Tunis were felt by all Italians as formidable encroachments; and, if the same policy is at any future time pursued in Tripoli, it will probably lead to an open rupture.

The friendly feeling which has been almost uniformly exhibited towards England is founded both on sentimental grounds and on common interests. During the long struggle with Austria, the general feeling in England was always on the side of the Italians. It happened that three Ministers, wholly unlike one another in character and in general policy, were all for the same or different reasons devoted to the Italian cause. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL agreed with Lord PALMERSTON in approving the successful contest with Austria. No material service was rendered to the successful combatant, but nations, like men, are sometimes more grateful for agreement in opinion and for good wishes than for substantial benefits. While the memory of the war of liberation is receding into the background, the interest of England in watching French policy in the Levant forms a new bond of union with Italy. It was as a protest against the pretensions of France that the Italian Government embarked on the questionable enterprise of founding a settlement on the coast of the Red Sea. When the garrison of Massowah suffered a heavy loss, the Italian journals recognized the good taste and the kindly feeling of Lord SALISBURY's answer to a suggestion that he should communicate to the Italian Government the sympathy of England. Lord SALISBURY in reply hoped that the disaster would soon be retrieved, and he added that such reverses necessarily occurred from time to time when civilized States conducted operations in barbarous and imperfectly known regions. He justly thought that no public notice should be taken of a petty misfortune. If English Ministers had always been as careful to observe the rules of courtesy, much irritation on the part of foreign Governments might have been avoided.

The new Italian Ministry will probably consult the wishes of Parliament as to the maintenance or abandonment of their unprofitable settlement in the Red Sea. It may perhaps be thought worth while to make a moderate sacrifice for the purpose of avoiding a confession of defeat. In England no jealousy will be felt of the growth of a new maritime Power in the Mediterranean. The Italians have, either on professional advice or in a spirit of ambitious competition, hitherto outstripped other States, not excepting England, in the size and power of their ironclad ships. Their rulers may be trusted not to precipitate any quarrel with other Powers for the sake of testing the latest instruments of destruction. Perhaps they may be waiting for the result of the animated controversy on the utility of the Suez Canal in time of war. The great ships which have been built at Spezzia were not intended for service in

distant seas. An important diplomatic question, raised once more by the POPE's Letter to Cardinal RAMPOLLA, will cause little embarrassment. LEO XIII. seems so far to have modified the former contention of himself and his predecessor that he demands only the independent sovereignty of Rome on the right bank of the Tiber. He tacitly waives his claim to the former Papal possessions, including even the so-called Patrimony of St. PETER. It is strange that a statesman of ability should with full knowledge of all the facts commit himself to an absurd proposal; but perhaps it is necessary to consider the prejudices of Catholics who may be more zealous than the POPE. The Government and nation will not abandon an inch of Rome or of any other Italian territory. If the POPE cannot exercise his spiritual functions without the aid of temporal power, he and the Church must take the consequences. The POPE probably appreciates at their true value the assurances of Protestant writers that he is more powerful now than he is no longer a temporal prince. If LEO XIII. could recover the sovereignty of the Vatican, St. Peter's, and the Castle of San Angelo, he would run the risk of incurring spiritual losses.

THE STRANGE CASE OF SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN AND MR. LOUIS STEVENSON.

DURING the contest at Bridgeton it occurred to a waggish contributor to the *St. James's Gazette* to take his pen and indite a fable founded on the most popular of Mr. LOUIS STEVENSON's short stories. The squib was reprinted in the *Glasgow Herald*. There it met Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's eye. He read it with amazement. The amazement became disgust, and the disgust horror. When he had finished reading it he went out and "addressed about three thousand working-men at Kilbowie." He told them he must refer to a "very serious matter." It was the unfortunate squib, upon which he proceeded to deliver a critical excursus. He read the first paragraph *in extenso*, because the *Glasgow Herald* had printed it in large type. The three thousand—simple souls—received it with "laughter," which was probably in accordance with the author's intentions. So Sir GEORGE took to summarizing. "Then," he is reported to have said, "there came a long story about chambermaids, and whether 'he slept in one bedroom or another.'" This was verbally accurate. The narrator professed to have derived from chambermaids the information that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, the Unionist, had one bedroom, and Mr. OTTO, the Home Ruler, another, and that if one gentleman slept in his room, the other gentleman was not to be found in his. "And," pursued Sir GEORGE, more in anger than in sorrow, "about 'his drinking things, and then getting into a queer state, and so forth.'" This was not so accurate. The author had substituted for the preparation consumed by Dr. JEKYLL, not "things," but only one thing, and that the glass of simple water which affords rhetorical stimulus to platform orators less *rusts* than the member for Midlothian. Nor was the "queer state" so very queer—from the point of view of Bridgeton. It was only a state of Gladstonianism. However, Sir GEORGE denounced "this infamous trash," and said the excuse for it was that it was "a burlesque, a 'fabricated story.'" The word fabricated has an ugly sound, because politicians have often used it in a certain well-known sense, apparently on the principle that a word of four syllables is less offensive or more effective than a word of one. And in this sense it may be suggested that a burlesque is not a fabricated story. Sir GEORGE, however, pointed out that we did not understand burlesques in Glasgow—which seems to be true—and that the squib was an inexcusable "attack of a personal character" on him, Sir GEORGE, for which Mr. ASHLEY must apologize or he should not be elected. He did not apologize, and was not elected.

What clearly appears from Sir GEORGE's commentary is that Sir GEORGE has never read the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Not only so, but he has never read, or been told, what it is about, and he wildly misunderstands the most pointed allusions to it. Is a man so ignorant or so careless of the recent proceedings of the reading public fit to go on writing books? Clearly not; and therefore literature is well quit of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and he is well into Parliament, and, as the poet says, "all things are 'as be they should.'"

SIR LUCIUS BOULANGER O'TRIGGER.

THE BOULANGER-FERRY fiasco is an absurd enough business. What they would have said of it in the happy days when Irish members in their own House challenged one another across the floor may be imagined with ease. When one Irish patriot called another a lily-livered coward, the duel was soon arranged, and, to do them justice, it generally meant business. The French do not go so roundly to work—or, at least, not in these days. There is always a great deal of preliminary fuss before the fighting, and in a good many cases the affair of honour ends as it began—in fuss. This has been one of them, and not the least ridiculous. When General BOULANGER decided that what he calls his honour compelled him to call out M. FERRY, he gave four most respectable gentlemen an excellent opportunity of doing a great deal of nothing with extraordinary solemnity. His seconds, General FAVEROT and Count DILLON (what was a gentleman of his name doing in such a gallery?), and M. FERRY's friends, MM. ANTONIN PROUST and DAVID RAYNAL, were as dignified as the plenipotes at Nimeguen, and all to no purpose. MM. PROUST and RAYNAL were resolved, not only to defend M. FERRY's honour, but his life. They agreed to allow the duel to be fought with pistols really capable of making a hole in a man at twenty paces (this was for honour), but they insisted on so arranging the manner of firing that there were nineteen chances out of twenty that neither combatant would be hit (this was for safety). General FAVEROT and Count DILLON did not think this enough. Their view was that when the efficient pistols had been loaded by a gunsmith, they should be aimed. The presence of the gunsmith was a useful precaution. It would have avoided the possibility that the encounter should end like a recent duel in Hungary. On this melancholy occasion one of the seconds, who was loading a pistol, clumsily drew the trigger, whereupon not only was his own finger blown off, but the ball was lodged in the shoulder of the other friend, who was watching the operation. Then the principals decided that honour was satisfied, conducted their gallant seconds to the nearest hospital, and went quietly away to breakfast. General FAVEROT and Count DILLON were resolved that nothing of this sort should happen in the great encounter they were empowered to arrange. So they insisted on good pistols properly loaded and properly fired. Then MM. PROUST and RAYNAL—peaceful men, no doubt, and perhaps LL.D.'s—decided that this thing could not go on. They wrote to their principal and told him they could not think of letting him meet a bloodthirsty fellow who would probably hurt him, and so the duel was off.

On the supposition that duelling is serious, and that you are bound to fight in earnest, not only when you challenge, but when you are challenged, this is a sufficiently ridiculous fiasco. On the other supposition that French duels are matters mainly of form it will convince foreigners more firmly than ever that the practice is absurd. Whether General BOULANGER has acted unwisely in trying to make M. FERRY stand fire is another question. The General has to think not of how things look to the eye of pure reason or to foreigners, but how they look to Frenchmen. Now that witty people have a curious incapacity for seeing the absurd. They were quite solemn over the GAMBETTA-FOURTOU duel, and they will see nothing ridiculous in the General's challenge. For the rest, it is not his fault if the duel came to nothing. He wanted it to come off and to be serious. M. FERRY's seconds are responsible for giving him the choice between a meeting which would have been a farce and no meeting at all. General BOULANGER can now turn to his friends and say, "You see 'the man of Tonquin, the politician who was called *le dernier des lâches* by M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, insults me, and dare not make his words good.'" If duelling is to be tolerated at all, the General would seem to have played the game. As to whether the insult called for a challenge, the person attacked is the judge of that. M. FERRY certainly meant to be as offensive as he could in the Epinal speech. When he described General BOULANGER as a "St.-ARNAUD de café concert," he not only accused him of being a rogue, but of being a futile rogue. If personal insolence justifies a challenge, this did. It is rather stupid to say, as some among us do, that the General had no reason to be offended when he was compared to St.-ARNAUD, who had led armies. He was compared to St.-ARNAUD because that officer helped in the *Coup d'état*, and was a person of dubious antecedents. The comparison was meant to be insulting, and M. FERRY had no reason to be surprised if

in a country in which duelling is allowed a soldier took the obvious course of sending him a challenge. As the thing has ended, General BOULANGER has rather gained than lost by it. An attempt has been made to hold him up to ridicule as an intriguer who is also a mere buffoon. He has answered by inviting the maker of the speech to take part in a very serious transaction indeed—a meeting in which one or both of them would be in considerable danger of death. His assailant has not accepted the invitation, and it is now competent to General BOULANGER to say that M. FERRY's words are the "stingless insults of a coward." This may not be the proper way to conduct political disputes, but it is largely the French way, and General BOULANGER plays to France. It must also be remembered that the General's position at Clermont Ferrand made it impossible for him to answer M. FERRY's speech by another. His anger may have been simulated, and the proposed duel may have been only meant to keep him before the public. If so, that only proves General BOULANGER to be a clever fellow, who knows how to play his game. While Englishmen laugh at all this fuss or shake their heads over the absurdity of duelling, they may profitably remember that, after all, challenges, solemn tongue-wagging on the part of the seconds, and *procès verbaux* in the papers, compare favourably, as a matter of manners, with Billingsgate in the House of Commons, invitations to come out, or threats to break necks. Perhaps, if there was even a small chance that such language might lead to a bullet-wound, there would be less of it.

THE PARNELLITES AND THE LAND BILL.

IN the intervals of carping at a measure which they dare not oppose or even openly obstruct, the Parnellites seem disposed to keep themselves before their countrymen by a succession of "scenes." It is to be feared that the partial and qualified success which they have gained in recent encounters with the majority, principally through the honourable readiness of the Chair to strain points in their favour, has emboldened them to assume the offensive in another than the sense in which they have always been accustomed to do so. Of course, too, now that they are in formal and recognized alliance, even as actual promoters of disorder, with the English Separatist Opposition under Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, they are sure of enlisting the support of the Gladstonian press for any charge of Parliamentary misbehaviour which they may think fit to trump up against their adversaries. The incident created by Mr. DILLON last Tuesday night, and the remarks which it evoked from Gladstonian commentators on the following morning, afford a signal illustration of this. Mr. DILLON rose to complain of a paragraph which had appeared in a provincial newspaper with reference to a very disgraceful demonstration which occurred some time ago in the House on the occasion of a reply given by Mr. BALFOUR to a question touching an attack made on a party of school children. The writer of the paragraph accused the Irish members in general of having shouted "Hear, hear" (as a matter of fact, they laughed, though the distinction is of no importance) at the statement that several school children, and one young lady, a teacher, and the daughter of Lord SLIGO's agent, were seriously hurt; and it charged Mr. DILLON with having personally joined in these unmanly exclamations. This charge the member for East Mayo indignantly denies, and his denial must of course be accepted. But, inasmuch as he did not confine his contradiction to his own case alone, but took upon himself to speak generally of the whole paragraph as a "peculiarly offensive and disgusting falsehood," Mr. HALSEY, who interrupted Mr. DILLON with a cry of "It is true," and the other members who rose one after another to avow their distinct recollection of the occurrence, were amply justified in what they did. If Mr. DILLON chose to apply their general contradiction to his own personal denial, and to vapour in his usual strain about having received the "lie direct," he was of course at liberty to do so; but there is certainly no reason why his bullying rodomontade should receive any countenance from the Chair. And it is nothing short of intolerable that the leading Gladstonian organ in the London press should venture next morning on the daringly mendacious account which it gave both of the "scene" and of the past incident which was its cause. The author of this account must, if he is qualified to comment on the matter at all, have been well aware that members

like Mr. R. G. WEBSTER, Mr. MACLEAN, and Captain PRICE do not belong to the unruly order of "smart young society men" with whom he has classed them; and he must have known, too, if he was present at the delivery of Mr. BALFOUR's answer, or had even taken the trouble to consult any decent Parliamentary report of it, that it is absolutely false to describe the laugh as proceeding from "one of the Irish members." The laugh from the Irish benches was general; and, if all the Parnellites did not join in it, it is at least certain that none of them by word or sign rebuked it. It was, we repeat, a demonstration signally disgraceful to the party as a whole; and that a member of that party should now assume high-flown airs of indignation at being suspected of a share in it is eminently characteristic of that spirit of effrontery in which the Parnellites have been encouraged to confront still graver accusations. It is time that they should learn that they stand in the same relations of connivance to the perpetrators of these Parliamentary brutalities as they do to the plotters of political crime, and that they are no more entitled to adopt the tone of high moral indignation in one capacity than they are in the other.

The progress of the debate on the Land Bill has had the effect of throwing an equally strong light on another side of the Parnellite tactics. They cannot venture, as we have said, to offer any direct resistance to the provisions of a Bill designed for the relief of the Irish tenant; but by their uniform attitude throughout the discussion they have shown their willingness to postpone the interests of the Irish tenant as far as they dare to their cherished object of injuring the Irish landlord. The Government, it may be remembered, consented some time ago to close what was called the "back-door of eviction" by empowering the County Courts to suspend the process of execution under writ of *fiat facias* for arrears of rent; but in consenting to this they also and very properly stipulated for a similar suspension of this process in the hands of other creditors of the tenant. Which way the tenant's own interest lies in the matter is, of course, beyond the reach of doubt. It could not be otherwise than an advantage to him to be protected against execution at the suit of ordinary creditors, as well as at that of the landlord; and, if there were any sincerity whatever in the professed solicitude of the Parnellites for the protection of the tenant, they would have welcomed Mr. BALFOUR's proposed enlargement of this provision of the Bill. Yet one Parnellite after another rose to protest against subjecting the ordinary creditor to the very same disability which is to be imposed upon the landlord. What may be their motive in so doing we do not undertake to determine. It may be that they were actuated simply by rancorous hostility to the landlord. It may be, as an unkind critic has suggested, that they cannot afford to quarrel with the gombeen man, the publican, the small shopkeeper, and other useful contributors to the funds of the League by depriving them even temporarily of the power to sell up their unfortunate debtors among the Irish tenantry. But in either case the fact remains that they are prepared to throw off their agrarian client with the most cynical indifference whenever they see any object, personal or political, to be gained by it. The same disposition was again illustrated in their resistance to the proposal to put rent and ordinary debts upon the same footing when it is a question of granting that relief to the tenant which it is the object of the bankruptcy clauses to extend to him. Here, however, we regret to say, they obtained the ill-considered support of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who proved himself to be a helpless victim of the fallacy which represents the landlord as "a partner" with the tenant in the holding—a partner, that is to say, who has no control whatever over the power of the other member of the firm to contract debts, and who has derived no benefit whatever from the expenditure by which those debts have been contracted.

There are, however, certain very obvious limits within which this sort of side-long opposition to the Bill on the part of the Parnellites has necessarily to be confined, and the speedy passage of the later clauses of the measure through Committee last Wednesday afternoon was mainly due to these limits having been reached. The new clause proposed by Mr. BALFOUR with reference to the abatement of judicial rents had been threatened with many amendments; but it is not very surprising that the attempt to amend and extend it should have collapsed. The very timely warning uttered the other night by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY appears to have borne fruit. It certainly

would not be good for any Irish Nationalist member to be suspected by his constituents of a willingness to endanger the fate of the Bill, and to be detected in the offence in connexion with the one provision to which the Irish tenant is likely to attach the highest value might have been serious indeed. Accordingly, after the withdrawal of Mr. RATHBONE's elaborate amendment to the new clause, the other entries on the notice paper disappeared one after the other with gratifying despatch. Some of them, it is true, may reappear on the report, but they are not likely to delay the House long even at that stage; and we may therefore regard the Land Bill as virtually disposed of already. On the policy of the new clause providing for an abatement of the judicial rents we expressed our opinion the other day; but it is fair to admit that it has issued in a distinctly less objectionable form from the hands of the draftsman than Mr. BALFOUR's verbal sketch of it had led us to expect. It would be going too far to describe it as embodying the principle of the sliding scale in its equitable entirety; for it ignores more than one element in the computation of rent which that principle, if equitably applied, would take into account. But it does not, as from Mr. BALFOUR's statement it was to be feared that it might, depart so far from the true conception of a sliding scale as to slide only one way. It was admitted even by a critic so little enamoured of its merits as Mr. CHAPLIN that it is not to be regarded as a clause intended merely to provide for a reduction of rent; that under its operation, if prices were to rise, rent would rise also; and, in fact, that it represented the principles of the sliding scale in an imperfect form. The form is certainly imperfect, but still the root of the principle is there; and these are days when in respect to Irish agrarian legislation we may be thankful for small mercies.

FLEETS AT PLAY AND SIR E. J. REED AT HIS PRAYERS.

IT was an excellent, if not very original, notion to employ the vessels which were reviewed by the QUEEN in the Solent on a series of practice cruises. They could not be trusted to move about in the Sound itself, which was a pity from the spectacular point of view, but no great loss as a matter of practice. For their own good it was better that they should be sent to repeat the experiments at Bearhaven on a larger scale, and this is what it was generally supposed they were going to do. Perhaps there is more serious work being done than we hear of. Indeed, it may be freely acknowledged that the mere goings and comings of the squadron are necessarily of the nature of good practice. It is the particularly good fortune of the fleet that its sham battles can never be quite so sham as such operations can be made on land. The ships engaged in them are afloat on what must needs be their field of battle, the movements practised are necessarily much what would be used against an enemy, and the men in the batteries are engaged on the work they would have to do in action. But it is possible to make the least of these advantages, and it would seem that this is what is being done all round the coast during these days. There is a general air of humbug about the whole business, and everybody, including the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, appears to be lending himself to the farce. Life in the House of Commons is very tedious in these times, and a little diversion is as welcome as a judge's joke in court. A humane desire to enliven the dreariness of the flag-end of the Session may account for the rather silly piece of private theatricals played by Lord G. HAMILTON, Captain PRICE, and others, with the telegram from Falmouth by way of drawing-room play; but this little piece of nonsense fits in too well with everything else reported about the naval manœuvres. Perhaps the papers are a little to blame, but certainly the whole practice campaign is beginning to look far too much like those first autumn manœuvres on land after the war of 1870-71 which went off with such a flourish of trumpets, and then fizzled out so lamentably. The mouth of the Thames estuary is a good place to practise in unquestionably, and yet it does sound faintly absurd to hear that "The Prince Albert, ironclad, and the gunboats *Kite*, *Buzzard*, *Bouncer*, and *Pickle*, are now manœuvring off "Margate jetty. The day is fine." The whole cruise threatens to resolve itself into manœuvring off Margate jetty in fine weather.

There may be some mysterious good to be got from this same make-believe at Falmouth; but what it is, except, per-

haps, to practise ironclads in entering and leaving harbours without running on board of one another, the lay mind fails to see. A squadron consisting of the *Agincourt*, *Black Prince*, *Iron Duke*, and two turret ships, come close to the mouth of Falmouth harbour, remain at anchor for a space, and then go away again. They remain off the harbour for a time, mysteriously coming and going, "keeping the Lizard to the west." It would have been difficult for them, by-the-bye, to remain off Falmouth, and keep the Lizard to the east. After a time they came back and prepared for action, "with the result that the following telegram was despatched by Admiral FREMANTLE to the Admiralty:—"Falmouth taken; forts destroyed; eighteen large merchant "vessels, coal stores, and numerous small craft burned." This kind of thing could be done in war, no doubt. A strong squadron which found an enemy's harbour unprotected could steam into it and commit wanton damage; but is it worth while to keep ships cruising about to prove that? In war it is to be presumed that the forts would have had something to say. As far as can be seen, too, Admiral HEWETT's squadron, which was supposed to be acting against Admiral FREMANTLE, helped actively to make the operations so far a mere delusion as practice. With one half of his ships cutting about off the Admiralty Pier at Dover and the other half lying to off St. Albans Head, he can hardly be supposed to be in a position to protect the coast of Cornwall. Admiral FREMANTLE's squadron lay off Falmouth for some hours undisturbed, although there is an elaborate signal service along the coast, which ought to have informed the opposition officer of his presence. This may, indeed, be said to prove something, supposing the facts to be as reported—namely, that you will be beaten if you do not keep a good look-out—but this elementary fact was not unknown to Admiral BENBOW. The success of Admiral FREMANTLE in forcing his way through the Straits of Dover, and then through the mouth of the Thames, proves much the same thing, just as the accidents on board the *Black Prince* and the *Curlew* show that our modern ordnance can be very dangerous to the men who use it. As for the battle of Holyhead, it has a certain likeness to one of LEECH's sketches. In days before the Volunteers were taken very seriously LEECH drew a picture of a very big navy walking between two diminutive rifle-men, and saying to them words to this effect:—"Let me walk between you, gents, and folks will think you "have arrested a deserter." This mild jest occurs to the mind when one hears that H.M. ships *Devastation*, *Ajax*, *Edinburgh*, *Neptune*, and *Shannon* have been conducted into harbour by H.M. ships *Hercules*, *Bellerophon*, *Hotspur*, *Rupert*, and others of the same class. It is probably impossible in sham fights to allow properly for the relative forces of the vessels. All ships of a certain size must be supposed to be capable of meeting all others of the same bulk on equal terms; and even smaller vessels may be allowed to act as big ones for the time, and for the sake of practice. But though, if you are to have a sham-fight, you must no doubt be prepared for shams, it does not follow that you need have it at all. The umpires may decide that this or the other side has won according to their own rules of the game; but it is a kind of game which has, and can have, very little resemblance to real war. Again, what is or can be proved by the adventure of the *Amphion*? This cruiser ventured too near Admiral BAIRD's squadron, and was chased, then, it is added, "she was captured, but allowed to depart," and it is now stated that all her officers repudiate the claim of victory by torpedo-boats 36 and 38, although the latter report that the *Amphion* hauled down her colours. A precisely similar difference of opinion arose in the French Mediterranean squadron two years ago, and both are very intelligible. Torpedo officers think they would have blown up the cruiser. The cruiser's officers are equally sure that they would have sent the torpedo boats to the bottom, and who is to decide which is right? In a sham fight, it may be argued, you must be content to accept certain conventions, and so no doubt you must; but then, again, that is a good reason for having as little of them as possible. The operations at Bearhaven were of a solid kind. The squadrons were practised in laying, defending, and attacking the boom. That is genuine practice, and so is cruising with the object of discovering a supposed hostile squadron. But when it comes to going through the forms of a battle, we see nothing to be gained by dividing the squadrons and going through a set dance. All the good to be obtained from this kind of practice could be got by a series of evolutions, and we should avoid the humbug

which abounds in these present operations. It is always well, as the moralist teaches, to have as little as possible to do with humbug, and when naval and military efficiency are in question it is especially wise. Further, it is decidedly economical to be business-like—a great saving in coal would be made for one thing if there were less of the cutting about for the sake of appearing to be doing something which is going on at present all round the coast.

Whatever else may be happening to the navy or in it, the chronic quarrel over the ships goes on all the same. While it is going on—which will probably be till a big war comes, and puts the vessels to the test—Sir E. J. REED will continue to have his say. It would, on the whole, be a pity if he decided to be no more talking, for he is at times much greater fun than he is aware of. Controversialists who are absolutely incapable of seeing more than their own side of the question are not rare, but there can never have been one who showed the incapacity with such unaffected simplicity as Sir E. J. REED. His last pronouncement on the navy has been prompted by the curiously vague and hasty letter of Rear-Admiral COLOMB, in which that officer appeared to advance the remarkable proposition that, if you cannot keep out the very heaviest shot from the biggest guns, plates are of no use at all. Sir E. J. REED has no difficulty in finding a hole in that argument; but this is not the interesting part of his letter to the *Times*. He, too, goes on to explain what we ought to do to have a proper fleet. It sounds simple. It is only to build better ships than the French ships, and enough of them. Certainly; but what are better ships than the French? My ships, says Sir E. J. REED. To which it may be objected by the weaker sort that there are people who think that other ships are better. We say the weaker sort because the more sagacious know that, if all the wise men of the East came travelling on donkeys or camels to try and make Sir E. J. REED understand that a sane human being can honestly think that any ideas not his ideas can possibly be good for anything, all those sages might sit and argue till their beards grew into the ground and yet would the possibility of such a thing never even dawn on the mind of Sir E. J. REED. All he can see is that models not good in his eyes are adopted, and lament that this people is likely soon, not only not to be master of the sea, but not even to deserve to be so. Then he exclaims, "May God turn us from our present courses!" and tearfully takes leave of this "heartbreaking subject." But we hope to hear Sir E. J. REED on the navy many a time and oft yet.

THE RACK IN THE BOX.

MR. MANSFIELD, police magistrate at Marlborough Street, seems to be desirous of earning for himself an equally high reputation with that enjoyed by his colleague, Mr. NEWTON. At the end of last week he heard a complaint against JOHN ELLIS, a carman, for an assault upon Mrs. AUSTIN BRERETON, and in the course of the proceedings permitted a very scandalous scene to be enacted. The case against ELLIS has been sent for trial, and therefore to comment upon the truth or falsehood of the charge would be conduct only less remarkable than Mr. MANSFIELD's own. But the point to which it is most desirable that public direction should be drawn is quite unconnected with the guilt or innocence of JOHN ELLIS. Mrs. BRERETON told a very plain story, which must ultimately be considered by a jury. Mr. ARTHUR NEWTON, the solicitor who defended ELLIS, was not content with dwelling upon these points, or with cross-examining Mrs. BRERETON minutely, as it was no doubt his duty to do, with regard to the particulars of the alleged assault. He asked the prosecutrix a series of highly offensive and utterly irrelevant questions, which he must, of course, have been instructed to ask, but which any competent magistrate would certainly have prevented him from asking. These questions she very properly declined to answer, though her husband declared the insinuations conveyed in them to be quite unfounded. It is simply disgraceful that Mr. MANSFIELD should have allowed such inquiries to be made. Let us suppose that all the insinuations against Mrs. BRERETON had a foundation—a supposition which we need hardly say that we only admit for the sake of the argument—does Mr. MANSFIELD mean to suggest that a woman to whom a dramatic author has made a present of a house may be assaulted with impunity in the public street? Or is it his contention that she can never

for the rest of her life be believed on her oath? In either alternative his position is an absurd one, and the persecution which he allowed was ridiculous as well as cruel.

It has been said that the English law of conspiracy is only tolerable when administered by juries. It is certain that the law of cross-examination to credit becomes a public nuisance and scandal if not controlled by a competent judge or magistrate. There are absolutely no theoretical limits to the exercise of this right, save only the moderating discretion of the Bench. Under the same rule as was applied, with Mr. MANSFIELD's tacit connivance, to Mrs. AUSTIN BRERETON, a scientific witness called to explain the nature of the chemicals which polluted a brook might be asked whether he had run away with his neighbour's wife twenty years before. As the late Dr. KENEALY was eventually disbarred for his conduct of the TICHBORNE case, the questions which he put to witnesses, and was not always rebuked at the time for putting, may be thought extravagant, and not likely to be repeated. But it is not every legal proceeding which is carried on in such full and absolute publicity as a trial at bar in the Court of Queen's Bench for perjury. In police courts, and county courts, and petty sessions a great deal goes on which very few people ever hear anything about. Mr. MANSFIELD seems to think that he can relieve himself of all responsibility by sitting still and trusting to the "good sense" of the sort of counsel and solicitors who appear before him. A magistrate who thus practically abdicates his functions is unfit for his post. When Sir CHARLES WARREN was inquiring the other day, with the aid of a legal assessor, into the conduct of Police Constable ENDACOTT, the constable was asked some totally irrelevant and very brutal questions about his early life before he came to London. It is true that, though ENDACOTT answered them, he need not have done so, and that the whole business was a solemn farce. But Mr. GRAIN is an experienced counsel of unimpeachable character, and if he will thus employ the license of an advocate, we may imagine without difficulty what less scrupulous practitioners will do. Unless these outrages upon the witness-box are sternly checked, evidence will not be forthcoming. It is difficult enough even now to obtain independent testimony. But if women who bring charges against men are to be cross-examined as Mrs. BRERETON was the other day, they will submit to any form of misery rather than come into court and complain; for the insult is just as great whether the imputations are well founded or not.

QUID PRO QUOS.

PERHAPS *Quæ pro Quibus* would be a more grammatical term for the considerations on account of which other considerations will be offered. However this may be (and the Head-masters of England may decide the question in their summer haunt of the Engadine), a very quaint *quid pro quo* has been offered by a lady and required by a fisherman. We know not whether the fisherman was a reveller beyond all other fishermen. In any case the lady was peculiarly anxious that he should don that azure ribbon which marks the abstainers in their less lucid intervals from alcoholic refreshment. Long the maiden sued, long the briny swain denied. It was as if GALATEA had beseeched the Cyclops to abstain from the juice of Ismarian vineyards, for the lady is a sea nymph in her accomplishments. At last the fisherman vowed that he would drink only with his eyes if the lady would perform a certain athletic feat. Quoth he, if you will swim the bay, from far Black Rock to Ballintrae, it is, I deem, a measured mile, I will obey you with a smile. I will put on the ribbon blue, and will forswear the barley brew. No more, if safe ashore you come, I'll taste of whisky, gin, or rum; no more, if once you cross the main, tamper with claret nor champagne. The maiden leaped into the brine, and lo, in minutes thirty-nine, she boldly measured out the way of that inhospitable bay, from far Black Rock to Ballintrae. And now that fisherman no more goes staggering along the shore; the only port he does not hate is that where wife and children wait; no more he taints the ambient air with odour of the Talisker! His ribbon rivals with the skies, there's honest pride within his eyes, each member of his household vies in Irish cottage industries. If Erin's sons would doff the green, and wear the badge of blue, we ween a happier island ne'er were seen.

The affecting narrative of the fisherman and the mermaid

of temperance, a kind of blue ribbon Lorelei, suggests a number of similar performances. If the fisherman gave up the bowl because the lady swam a mile, why might not similar concessions be made elsewhere? General BOOTH might turn Catholic if the POPE made a break of fifty (spot-stroke barred). Mr. GLADSTONE might become Unionist if Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN would turn his coat a thousand times in a thousand consecutive five minutes, a performance for which he is in training and heavily backed by an influential party. General BOULANGER might embrace M. FERRY if the latter would break fifteen pipes out of twenty in the mouth of an iron man at thirty paces. Mr. HOWELLS might admire Miss BRADDON's novels if that lady would cross the Atlantic in a canoe. Professor BLACKIE might tolerate mere English scholars if Professor NETTLESHIP would consume a cogie of Athol Brose to the music of the bagpipes. There is no end to such amiable and useful transactions.

SO EASY.

IT is as easy not to make a submarine tunnel between England and France as it is to refrain from writing a tragedy in five acts. There is, indeed, just a possibility that the two undertakings might turn out to be one and the same; but on that possibility we need not for the moment insist. We instance the latter feat only as a familiar illustration of the gratuitous, and as not inaptly typifying a characteristic of Sir EDWARD WATKIN's project which he and his supporters can never be got to perceive. If only they could be brought to perceive it, they might perhaps begin to realize what they have not as yet shown the slightest approach to appreciating—namely, the character and weight of the burden of proof which rests upon their shoulders as the advocates of the scheme. Sir EDWARD, it is true, has always approached the burden, and notably did so last Wednesday, with all the light-hearted swagger of the "strong man" at a fair; but his actual performance much more resembles that of the jester who follows the athlete and burlesques his feats of strength. In other words, he never really takes up his burden at all; but, on the contrary, shows every moment, by his way of handling it, that he could not possibly stagger to his conclusion under its weight. The utmost that he and his followers have ever been credited, even by their weakest and most pliable listeners, with proving is that the military experts who with such unanimity condemn the project may possibly overestimate the danger incident to the conversion of England from an island into a portion of the European continent. But nobody can even suppose him to have proved that an island and a continent are, from the point of view of military defence, identical. Not being able to prove this, but having, on the contrary, to admit, after all, that a portion of a continent differs from an island in respect of the liability to be attacked by land, and that this liability constitutes an indisputable, if possibly an over-rated, element of weakness, he has still, after all, to show why the addition of this unascertained element of weakness to the position of his country is to be preferred to the easier alternative of letting it alone. And it is at this link that the otherwise irrefragable chain of his reasoning has always broken. His customary appeal to the commercial advantages which would accrue to us from the connexion must be at once rejected on the simple ground that the two things compared, the profit and the danger, are not *in pari materia*. Or rather, it would be more strictly accurate to say they are, from the nature of the case, incommensurable. The difference between a greater or smaller commercial advantage is necessarily finite; the difference between vulnerability and invulnerability—like that between zero and a fraction of however large a denominator—is infinity. What should ACHILLES, leaving his unlucky heel out of the question, have taken in money to part with his imperviousness to Trojan darts? How could you estimate the value of that gift in terms of the Greek currency of the day? But as ACHILLES stood in relation to the Trojan darts—or rather as he would have stood if THETIS had ducked him bodily, instead of dipping him discreetly and warily, in the Styx—so stands England at present in relation to attack by land.

If, indeed, Sir EDWARD WATKIN could show a defensive advantage resulting from a Channel Tunnel to set against a military risk, he would have a little more to say for himself. And this he apparently endeavoured to do by pointing

out that we are entirely dependent upon the sea, and if for a week or a fortnight we were to lose command of it, we might have to capitulate to a minor Power. The knowledge, however, that we were secure against the risk would be but a poor consolation for having to capitulate to another Power without having lost the command of the sea at all. The argument amounts to saying that because your sword may possibly break you need not mind putting yourself in a posture to be disarmed. Danger apart, however, Baron DE WORMS's one argument that the construction of the Tunnel would immediately throw upon us the obligation of maintaining an army on the Continental scale was worth all the plausibilities of Sir EDWARD WATKIN and all the puerilities of Sir WILFRID LAWSON. The attitude of the latter, indeed, the adherent of a school who would cut down even the modest military establishment which we at present maintain, places him at the summit of absurd inconsistency. As to the wiseacres who dwell upon the fact that the French have no fear of the Tunnel, and that it is therefore cowardly on our part to entertain such fear, they may be recommended to look at their *Æsop*. We believe that they will find that the position of France bears a rather close resemblance to that of a certain animal who had lost his tail, and who probably despised the cowardly and unenterprising character of those other members of his species who could not be persuaded to amputate theirs.

JUMPING "SHE."

SHE has been "jumped." The meaning of this technical American term will be plain to every one acquainted with the terminology of Californian mining enterprise. The lucid and accurate treatises of Mr. BRET HARTE abound in examples of "jumping." To "jump a claim" is one of the familiar pastimes of the rough mining communities which inhabit Red Gulch and Poker Flat. Suppose some comrade has discovered an attractive vein of metal, gold or silver, and—in the picturesque style of the district—is "collaring the sugar" gaily. Another comrade then calls to himself his familiars, shoots the successful rival, seizes his mine, and puts up a notice of ownership. This is the process known as "jumping a claim." The process is not confined to mining operations. In literature, and the drama too, claims may be jumped, and the stern agency of the law may be called in to protect the jumper both from other jumpers and from the original proprietor of the claim or jumpee. The bold jumper of *She* has omitted to shoot Mr. RIDER HAGGARD—one cannot do everything. But he has jumped the claim to dramatize *She*. And that is not all; he has actually sold for a pecuniary consideration half of the claim he has jumped, and has issued a proclamation threatening all encroachers with the extreme penalty of the law. By way of illustrating these peculiarities, we publish his announcement bidding trespassers beware—an advertisement in a San Francisco newspaper:—

SHE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

The Public is hereby notified that I have adapted and dramatized Ryder Haggard's Novel "SHE," and have fully copyrighted the same.

James O. Barrows is a half owner of said play by purchase.

R. C. White.

Any infringement of the above copyright will be prosecuted to the full extent of the Law.

Attorney.

Jno. M. Chretien.

Is this not an agreeably refreshing document to read in hot weather? Mr. R. C. WHITE is good enough to admit that the claim he has jumped was not first worked by his own ingenious industry. The claim is "RYDER HAGGARD's," and that sportsman is gratified with a picturesque and original spelling of his Christian name. When Mr. R. C. WHITE declares that he has "dramatized" *She*, he makes an assertion hard to be believed, because the process appears to verge on the impossible. However, he has probably chopped the material into lengths, which he calls acts. That he should then sell half his "property" in another man's brains to Mr. JAMES O. BARROWS is an instance of the pleasant unconscious poetry in his ideal nature.

The most peculiarly cool part of the transaction, however—the *combe* of what we islanders, "very curious and remote," as Mr. HOWELLS knows, call impudence—is the invocation of the law. There is a well-known Orphic Hymn to Law, in which the poet, anticipating WORDSWORTH, says that by virtue of law the heavens are pure and strong.

The heavens above San Francisco must be dirty and shaky if law, in the State of California, permits men to annex their neighbours' premises and then to deny them access to their own. An English author may be dramatizing his own book in partnership with an American citizen, or he may be negotiating about such a transaction. But then steps in Mr. R. C. WHITE, with Mr. JAMES O. BARROWS and Mr. JNO. M. CHRETIEN, attorney-at-law. These enterprising heroes cry "Hold!" To the English author and his American partner they point out that they themselves have "copyrighted" the work, divided the spoils, and are prepared to punish the actual owner if he perseveres "to the full extent of the Law," whatever that may be.

The law about dramatic right in novels is sufficiently idiotic and unjust in this very curious and remote island. The cries and laments of Mr. DICKENS in the past, and of OUIDA in the present, ring in our ears, and prove that a novelist cannot restrain any dramatic beachcomber or loafer from making piracy of his characters and ideas. But perhaps the British adapter, though he jumps a claim, does not actually publish a "Notice to the Public" warning other people off, among them the actual owner. He only steals; he cannot legally forbid the owner to make use of his own. Unless JNO. M. CHRETIEN, attorney-at-law, is mistaken, all this kind of invasion is sanctioned by law in California. Really the robbers of America do not seem easily satisfied. That they should publish a dozen competing editions of an Englishman's book is nothing. We are accustomed to it. That they should by unknown and surreptitious means procure "advance sheets," and cut their more honest compatriots out of the few days' start which advanced sheets procure, is only an example of "smartness." The state of the Law of Copyright encourages that sort of enterprise. But when it comes to claiming legal protection for native theft of foreign literary goods, the affair becomes burlesque.

MR. BURNETT ON TRADE-UNIONS.

IT is not necessary to compliment Mr. BURNETT with effusive surprise on the successful compiling of a Blue-book. The feat is not one of remarkable difficulty, and there is no reason why an artisan who had had a long previous experience in the management of Trade-Unions should not draw up a report on them, or arrange tables of statistics with the help of the officials in the Board of Trade. The facts which Mr. BURNETT has collected in his Blue-book are not new, but it is convenient to possess them in a compact form. It may possibly be the case that the publication owes its existence less to any need there is for it, than to the desire of the Board of Trade and Mr. BURNETT to do something which may justify the appointment of a Labour Correspondent. The wish would be praiseworthy, and it will not be denied that Government officials, regular and informal, frequently attempt to prove they are not superfluous in much less meritorious ways.

The minute by Mr. GIFFEN prefixed to the Report may help to make persons, not already familiar with the fact, aware that a large proportion of the working class practise the virtue of thrift in the form of subscription to their Union. In some cases the amount contributed is equal to five per cent. or more on an income calculated at 30s. per week through all the year. As members of the working class are more liable than professional men to be deprived of work for periods of every year, the proportion is often greater even for the best paid among them. The help which they receive from the society when out of employment or sick is well earned by the exercise of considerable self-denial, and from one point of view the Union is the working-man's equivalent for the insurances paid by members of the middle-class who have no confidence in their power of saving money by thrift. The Union is notoriously much more than a friendly society or mutual insurance company. What Mr. GIFFEN does not say on that phase of its character is amply supplied by Mr. BURNETT. The Labour Correspondent properly declines to try to assume the tone becoming a Government official. He rather looks upon himself as a representative of the Unions put into a semi-official position by a Government anxious to please a large body of voters, and he speaks openly as an advocate. The time has gone by when any conspicuous body of politicians thought that combinations among workmen must be dangerous, and ought to be forbidden. If the Unions are sometimes spoken of as a

danger now it is because they are thought to be using their legitimate power unwisely, not because it is any longer believed that workmen ought to be debarred from combining to secure better terms from their employers. Mr. BURNETT naturally holds that the conduct of his friends and former employers, the Unions, has on the whole been wise and successful. As the parties to the dispute between masters and workmen can seldom agree to use these words in the same sense, it is of little use to argue the points. Mr. BURNETT and the Unions can always point to the fact that, during a prolonged and trying period of commercial depression, wages have been kept at an unexpectedly high figure throughout the country. If they claim this as a proof of the success of the Trade-Unions, it will be difficult to prove them in the wrong. Mr. BURNETT is well justified in asserting that the removal of vexatious restrictions on the freedom of workmen has tended to make their class the most contented in Europe. It is certainly true that English workmen are very little affected by the ferocious Socialism of the Continent. It is worthy of notice that Mr. BURNETT boldly claims for the Trade-Unions a disciplinary power. His comment on the fact that a Union has to maintain the sick and the unemployed is not likely to prove acceptable to the Socialists. He observes that it naturally follows that the Union looks sharply to the character of its members. It will not lightly admit the weak, because they become unable to work and a burden, or the inefficient, "for it is a well-known fact inferior men are most often out of work." Mr. BURNETT claims that this care justifies the Union in insisting on good wages for its members. If the guarantee is as sound as he thinks he is possibly right. From the point of view of the weaker workmen and the members of trades in which only small or irregular wages are to be obtained, it may appear equally obvious that the rich Unions are not more merciful to all without their own ranks than any of the other industrial bodies engaged in the struggle for life. A Union which rejects the feeble and incapable may be helping in the good work of extinguishing the weaker types of the population, but it is hard to see how it can be considered less selfish than the capitalist employers.

THE COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

COMMITTEE of Supply is not, we imagine, very dear to those skimmers of the Parliamentary reports who turn to it for "scenes," and nothing else. But even these persons must by this time, we should think, have had a surfeit of their favourite food; and to any one else the proceedings of last Thursday night, coming after the endless and barren janglings of the Irish controversy, will have afforded a welcome relief. Whatever else may be affirmed or denied of the debates on the various military votes, they were, at any rate, "business," and, indeed, so far as regards the first of them, business of a rather serious kind for the Government. The success of Mr. HANBURY's motion, though ostensibly directed only against Sir JOHN ADYE, would, after the attitude assumed by Ministers on the question, have amounted to a Parliamentary vote of censure on the SECRETARY OF STATE for WAR; and that is a sort of rebuff which is only less serious to an Administration than an actual crisis-making reverse. We cannot, under the circumstances, blame Mr. STANHOPE and Mr. NORTHCOOTE for having virtually identified themselves with the particular officer attacked; nor do we feel ourselves compelled to express either satisfaction or regret at the loss of Mr. HANBURY's motion. But in the narrowness of the majority by which it was defeated we frankly confess to finding cause for congratulation, inasmuch as it may perhaps open official eyes to the fact that the game of "no-child-of-mine" has, in the opinion of the House of Commons, gone on quite long enough in our military and naval departments. So familiar had this game become to the Ministerial mind that it was getting to be regarded by men of that mind as justified by the mere spirit and success with which it could be played. There has latterly been something almost of complacency about the tone—there were even traces of it in Mr. NORTHCOOTE's speech last night—in which Ministers have been in the habit of enlarging on the difficulty of fixing the responsibility of naval or military miscarriages in the proper quarter, as if the very existence of such a difficulty was not good constitutional ground for carrying that responsibility up to the highest grade of all, and laying it at the door of the Minister

who represents a system which makes a mere mockery of Parliamentary control. The division of last Thursday night is to be retained as the first pointed rebuke which this spirit has received of late years from the House of Commons.

The debate raised by Mr. LABOUCHERE's proposal to reduce the vote of 36,000*l.* for the administration of military law by the amount of the Judge-Advocate-General's salary of 2,000*l.* was one of a less serious character; but Mr. LABOUCHERE had something of a case, and he would have made more of it if he had taken the advice of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL not to press his motion to a division. We are not, indeed, prepared to say that the office of Judge-Advocate-General should be abolished, or at least that it should be abolished without providing in some other way for the principle of Parliamentary responsibility in respect of the advice tendered to the War Office in connexion with the revision of sentences passed by courts-martial. But when the present incumbent of the office has the candour to admit, like Mr. MARRIOTT, that he has not enough official work to do, it appears hopeless to contend that his salary is not excessive. In view of the fact that the Judge-Advocate-General is not debarred from the private practice of his profession, we can hardly admit Mr. MARRIOTT's plea that a "very efficient" lawyer cannot be got under 2,000*l.*, especially when it is considered that the office carries with it the coveted dignity of a Privy Councillor. We very much doubt whether the combined attraction of this honour and of the status of a member of the Government would not, as a matter of fact, be found quite sufficient to make the post acceptable to men of sufficient standing and reputation at the Bar. It was, however, wholly unnecessary for the House to take the summary course recommended by Mr. LABOUCHERE, who seems to have persisted in the recommendation as much for the malicious pleasure of embarrassing Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL as from any more serious motive. Mr. FOWLER, who objected, it appears, as strongly as the member for Northampton to the present state of things, expressed himself content to wait until the Committee to whom the matter has been referred had reported to the House, and that was clearly the fairer and more becoming course to adopt.

YOUNG LADIES.

OUR English girls no doubt bear off the palm among the nations of the world, both for looks, freshness, and energy, and, taken as a whole, they show more beauty than any other country in the world, America included. The Americans, of course, send over to London many very pretty women, but it is the pick of their market, and, judging from what a man sees in England, he cannot but feel somewhat disappointed in America at not finding their standard of beauty, as a whole, as high as the specimens in this country would lead him to expect. It is not only noticeable among the upper classes, but it is a fact apparent to one walking about the streets of New York, Chicago, and other large cities of America, that comparatively few pretty women of all classes are to be met with. The same remark applies still more to the Continent, though of course it must be borne in mind that London is a great centre to which much of the female beauty of the world gravitates. Our young girls are thoroughly active in the pursuit of healthy exercise; they walk and play lawn tennis a great deal; riding, if they have the means, is one of their most favourite amusements, while many who have the opportunity are "good oars." American young ladies, on the contrary, have a very trying climate to contend with, and take but little exercise, while consuming an enormous quantity of iced-water, candies, and novels. The result of the different manner of spending the early portions of their life is apparent in the two nationalities—English girls are able to walk longer distances and to stand much more fatigue, at the same time preserving their looks considerably longer than their transatlantic cousins; and while an Englishwoman is still in the prime of her beauty, an American of the same age in her own country is beginning to fade. One of the greatest charms of our young English girls is their wonderfully fresh, healthy looks, till they become exhausted by the continuous hard work of a London season. Their life is divided into three great eras—first, when they are in the school-room; secondly, from their presentation at their first drawing-room till they marry; and thirdly, their married life; and great and marked are the differences of their life in the three stages. As a rule, our young ladies are kept very quiet in the schoolroom in their chrysalis stage, living a natural and healthy life both mentally and physically, till they suddenly develop into butterflies and emerge into the London world. In most cases then comes quite a different form of education from that which their governesses imparted to them, the first and most important point of which is the absolute indispensability of their making a good marriage.

This is the pivot on which their whole lives as young ladies "out" must revolve. Marry they must and as well as possible, for not to marry means an uncomfortable old age. As daughters of rich parents they have been accustomed to every luxury, including large households, plenty of horses and carriages, accompanied by every form of amusement that money can purchase. If they fail in their object of marrying, when in due course of time their parents die they are left with but very moderate incomes, without a single habit of thrift, and with most extravagant tastes. They get embittered and soured when they find that many of their so-called friends, who were ready to be on most excellent terms with them while they could enjoy the hospitality extended to them at the open house of their parents, now treat them with considerably less cordiality. For the friendship and affection of many, though by no means of all, may be gauged by the amount of *quid pro quo* they may receive. There is also another strong reason why girls are anxious to marry—namely, the desire to have an establishment of their own and to be free from the restraint of their homes, more especially in the cases where there is not much love lost between mother and daughters.

All these things combine to impress on young ladies in society that the one aim and object of their lives is to make a good marriage, and the lesson that any sentimental ideas about affection and heart must be banished is thoroughly inculcated into their minds. Anything in the shape of poverty must be avoided like a plague; better in their minds to have the good things of the world than love and narrowed circumstances combined. Few of them really consider what a miserable future they are laying up for themselves. Yet if they cannot reciprocate it, it is as certain as death, that the affection of their husbands will wane and disappear; and a loveless old age is one of the most miserable prospects a woman can have before her, even if it is not embittered by constant bickering and quarrels; while in their youth they may be tempted to look elsewhere for that love and affection that they have failed to bring to, and receive in, their own homes. It is a frightful ordeal for those who have a high sense of honour and duty to have to spend their lives with men with whom they have no tastes in common, and for whom they can feel no love or sympathy, and it is highly creditable to both parties if under these circumstances home life is not a misery, and both do not succumb to the temptation of going their own way. There are but few married men who have a strong enough sense of right and wrong to keep in the straight path, if their wives plainly show them that their society is uncongenial, and that they have no real love for them. What a miserable picture for their children to behold as they grow up, and how likely the study of it is to make them fond of their home life, where there is nothing but dissension between the heads of the family! It surely will lead them into the same error as their parents, of seeking to get away as soon as possible from so uncomfortable a household. But girls when young do not think of the future in this way, and when they have learnt their lesson by experience, it is too late. Many young girls throw away their chances of marrying happily by their frivolity and their inordinate love of flirtation. Though these flirtations may be perfectly harmless, yet they keep off a man who has a *penchant* for a girl. Flirtation, which was not ill described in *Punch* as "a spoon with nothing in it," closely resembles the real article, and a man when he feels himself falling in love with a girl is not in a condition to closely analyse whether the "spoon" has anything in it or not, and, as is generally the case when in that condition, he is the victim of jealousy, and decides that the "spoon" has something in it, and therefore withdraws from the contest. Among some of our young ladies, more especially those who are designated by the term of "old stagers," the fatal habit of permitting free and risky conversation has crept in, borrowed as it is from the married women who try to please the men by it. But they do not seem to see the difference; a man may like that style of conversation with a pretty young married woman, for various reasons; but no man in his sober senses would like to hear a girl, for whom he has an attachment and whom he might wish to make his wife, talking thus; it would "put him off" at once, and make him begin to consider what kind of a wife she would make, and whether she would be worthy in the future of any man's love and confidence. The same mistake is sometimes made by young ladies in conversing about the *causes célèbres* which are so openly and unreservedly published now in our papers; and, instead of adding their protest against the disgusting details that the press thinks good to force on the public, by not reading them, they not only read them, but discuss them after. But we are happy to think that the percentage of "young" ladies who indulge in undesirable talk and doubtful literature is but very small; and, as a rule, a sensible, well-brought-up English girl is sure to make a man a good wife, if she has not sacrificed her affections for the sake of making a good marriage. Many young girls would be more successful if they took their amusements more moderately, but that is the fault of their mothers rather than themselves; but the fact remains that they are "hacked about" indiscriminately to all entertainments, good, bad, and indifferent, and are allowed to sit up till any hour in the morning night after night, with the result that as the season wanes and the time for making their *coup* comes, they look more and more faded, "drawn," and pasty-faced, having lost the charm of freshness with which they entered on the campaign of the season, and which it will take some months of quiet country air and healthy exercise to restore. Their once devoted swains at the same time are sorrowfully

arriving at the conclusion that they are not as good-looking as they thought they were, and that a man after all is better unmarried, and is only clipping his wings by taking a wife. In this way many a happy marriage may be spoiled.

POTATOES AND PARAGRAPHS.

AN Incomparable One who signed himself "W. F. Edwards" wrote a letter last Monday in the *Daily News* anent the wickedness of Lord Salisbury and the herring-and-potato fiction which Lord Salisbury exposed at Norwich last week. Some persons (unreasonably, as we hold) may have been a little disappointed at the contents of this letter. They may have hoped for a testimony from one of the guardians originally referred to asserting that Lord Salisbury *did* recommend this (if confined to one specimen of each kingdom) insufficient, but certainly not un-toothsome, diet; or, better still, for a series of Alfred-Davids averring that every labouring-man at Hatfield, and on all others of the Prime Minister's estates, is bound to pay twopence halfpenny to Lord Salisbury personally if it can be proved against him that he ever indulges in bacon, cabbage, butcher's meat, tinned meat, or any other edible commodity whatever, save only herrings and potatoes. Now concerning these last Lord Salisbury need but echo the words of Edward Poin, Esq., a younger son of good family, concerning his sister Eleanor, and cry, "God send the wench no worse fortune; but I never said so." The complaint, however, of W. F. Edwards (whom we do grievously suspect of being a wicked Tory waggishly inclined) was something quite different. So far, it seems, is the herring-and-potato lie from being a new lie, invented for the benefit or damage of Lord Salisbury, that it is Heaven knows how many years old. W. F. Edwards, like Lord Salisbury, was born in Hertfordshire, and he heard it there in 1865 (a very nice year, let us remark, when the summer was as fine as the present, when Mr. Gladstone was turned out of his Oxford seat, when much of the best brandy and champagne, and a little of not the worst claret, were made, and when a man who was young and tolerably healthy might sit under waterfalls from June to September and take no harm). In 1865, undeterred by the beauty of the year, it seems, according to W. F. Edwards, that they told the herring-and-potato story ("I could not have degraded myself in such a summer, quoth Lancelot Smith. 'Ah! how could he?'" W. F. Edwards also hath knowledge of that lie in 1868 (champagne and brandy not so good, but claret better, and a very fine summer generally). He has "traced it back to elections during the Corn-law period"—we suppose he means the period of Anti-Corn-law agitation—when the historian acquainted with the facts must confess that they did lie some, and he "has strong belief that it was used previous to 1832." The which we can well believe it.

Upon these interesting facts it might be supposed that W. F. Edwards would find a kind of corroboration of Lord Salisbury. Oh dear, no! His inference is so different and so remarkable that we have purposely strewed the path of the reader on the way to it with pleasant and erudite remarks about vintages and other things. "Lord Salisbury's remarks," says the Incomparable One, "give us another instance of his profound ignorance of political life among the masses, especially in the agricultural districts." "The cry that aristocrats thought the herring and potato diet good enough for the people has been heard ever since Lord Salisbury was born" (W. F. Edwards does not apparently find any argument on the synchronization, which is weak of him). "Most people knowing anything of the agricultural poor must have heard the remark," &c. That is to say, according to W. F. Edwards, the poor, and especially the agricultural labourers, are so certain to be deluded by any lie of the kind that, if Lord Salisbury had known anything of their nature, and anything of the nature of the agitators who delude them, he might have felt sure that this particular falsehood was as old as himself, if not older. This malevolent Marquess, says W. F. Edwards in effect, shows his ignorance of the great heart of the people by thinking that it has not a natural and constant inclination to a lie, that it requires some particular lie-master to set it a-going. Now W. F. Edwards knows that the great heart of the people has been alternately excogitating and gloating over the said lie for twenty, forty—"nay, I have strong reason to believe" more than fifty-five years. Injurious Lord Salisbury! How dared he insult the mighty masses in any such fashion as this?

Now this says Mr. Edwards, not we or Lord Salisbury; and it is doubtless a dangerous thing to gainsay so confident an exponent of His Majesty the People's nature. Of course a man may be mistaken. Mr. R. A. Proctor, for instance, is mistaken when he imagines that a "stark man" means a "powerful reasoner"; and we think the *Times* is a little mistaken when it regards "Où le diable" as the correct French for "Where the devil." But then a man may easily know more English than Mr. Proctor, and more French than the *Times*. It is not so easy to be sure that one knows more about the people than a Correspondent of the *Daily News*. Still there is no doubt that Mr. W. F. Edwards might make a fair fight for his apparent principle that the many love a lie. (Observe that it is his principle, not ours.) And he might particularly find evidence on his side in a class of matter on which we have taken occasion to comment more than once—the substance and purport of newspaper paragraphs. "Don't read newspaper paragraphs

to me; for they *must* be false," as a famous person said, though the remark is sometimes quoted differently. If David had lived in Fleet Street, he would have been nearly certain to escape the Scotch minister's very just correction for his otiose saving clause. Yet the public, the great and terrible British public, seems to be entirely unconscious of the quite extraordinary mendacity which is used in the attempts to amuse it, or, if that seems too harsh, let us say of the quite extraordinary imaginativeness which characterizes those attempts. A little time ago there was a book written somewhat in the vein of Mr. Mallock, which purported to introduce under transparent disguises of name certain very well-known people connected with newspapers and periodicals. Even hardened critics owned that they were surprised when the very first reading of the passages concerned showed them that the ingenious and certainly ingenious author had written of these persons in most cases without having ever seen them, in almost all without having ever heard them speak. "You know them because you see them in the House," was observed on a celebrated occasion to the late Mr. Archer, and he disarmed the brutal remark with admirable bonhomie by his reply. The adventurous author to whom we refer had evidently not seen his subjects in the House or anywhere else. Yet we have little doubt that many excellent Britons of both sexes will read that book, will believe that the descriptions are exact, and will go to their graves, after perhaps mentioning the fact several times in their lifetime, under the belief that (let us say) Socrates is a person of regular features, inclining to the aquiline; that Alcibiades is distinguished for his perfect and unaffected intonation of English; and that, if there is a fault about Alexander's appearance, it is the too statuesque straightness and proportion of his neck.

This, however, was in a book, where ordinarily a certain restraint weighs on the author, if it be only from the fear of those foxes, those little foxes, the critics. The paragraphmonger is under no such restraint, and he knows that his work is likely to be unnoticed, and pretty certain to be unchallenged, by those whom it concerns. Thence has he great boldness of speech. He has heard, let us say, that Lord Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, and that Lord Nelson is a clergyman, and he informs the world that a clergyman fought the battle of Trafalgar. He sees that such-and-such articles in such-and-such a paper are attracting public attention, he racks his brains to think (for he naturally does not know) who has written them, and he proceeds to give the public the result of his excogitations as an assured fact. He hears that a private dinner has been given at a private club, and he informs his readers that "the speeches were of the first water," when it has unluckily happened that there were no speeches at all. In short, knowing nothing, he is compelled by his business to know everything, and he does know everything, as a great one who knew him very well has said, "with indifferent incorrectness." When Mr. Thackeray drew the good father who had been Esmond's tutor, and was afterwards a parcel-captain, parcel-spy, he drew a figure which he must have met often in his own days of literary apprenticeship. But the telegraph, the post, and the column of London jottings sent down ready made up in type to a score of different country papers have given a growth to the character that he could not know, but which would certainly amuse him.

We say it would amuse Mr. Thackeray, and it certainly (*absit comparatio*) amuses us; but we always thought that was because Mr. Thackeray was a wicked cynic, and we (*longo intervallo*, of course) were also tarred with cynicism. But why does it in quite a different way amuse the British public, which, God bless it, is not cynical at all? That is what we never knew. Why should you like reading pieces of personal information, which are pretty obviously to the meanest intellect, and which might be ascertained to be, by the slightest inquiry, false? We should not dare to give the only possible answer. But here is W. F. Edwards—evidently a *pur*, evidently trusted by that organ of the great heart of the people to which he writes, speaking from personal investigation back to the Corn-law period, and with strong reason to believe that he knows all about what happened before the flood, the flood of the first Reform Bill. And he tells us that it is a sign of profound ignorance of the masses not to know that they like lies; that they will have them; that they have had them since the oldest inhabitant can remember; that they will be deceived, and nobody shall prevent them. And no doubt W. F. Edwards will be as angry with us as he was with Lord Salisbury for having had any difficulty in discovering the secret of the popularity of personal paragraphs. We appear not to have made the acquaintance of the British gobemouche or gobe-mensonge. We do not know how fond he is of knowing something that is not.

SUBMARINE MINING.

LOCOMOTIVE torpedoes and submarine mines represent in a high state of development a class of military engines which have engaged the attention of fighting mankind in almost all ages of history. For the solution of the problem, how best to utilize the stored energy of combustibles and explosives, is one from which immense results have always been expected. The search after this solution gave birth to all the ingenious contrivances of "antiquity" and the middle ages for conveying, either under or above water, the pots of Greek fire to the flanks

of the enemy's vessels. In the same way, it suggested to the Italian engineers of the sixteenth century to apply Peter of Navarre's clever powder-mining contrivances to aquatic purposes, and thus devise those "infernal machines" for the blowing-up of ships and obstacles of which our own neater methods of employing gun-cotton for the same purpose are the direct descendants.

The multiplicity of cunning inventions, either for protecting passes of water by means of submerged explosive engines or for seeking the enemy out at sea and blowing his sides in under the waterline, has led to the separation of implements of submarine warfare in our own days in two classes. One comprises all passive obstructions, fixed mines and controllable torpedoes, and the other all the mobile apparatus, automobile, towed, and spar-torpedoes and submarine vessels. It is curious to note how most of these inventions, which, being so scientific, appear so essentially modern in character, have their counterpart in the devices of past centuries. The spar torpedo-boat, for instance, was but a revival of those agile crafts, carrying on a long spar fixed on their stem cressets full of raging "Greek fire," which Marcus Græchus, in his *Liber ignium ad comburendos hostes*, written in the thirteenth century, describes as an old invention. The mobile torpedo finds its prototype in those drifting or secretly-propelled infernal machines which played a noisy, if not very effective, part in so many water fights, from the siege of Antwerp in 1585 to the English onslaught on Rochefort in 1809. Again, in Giambattista Porta's treatise *De Munitione*, the last work, written in 1608, of that ingenious philosopher, the inventor of the camera obscura, and of so many physical appliances supposed to belong exclusively to this age, we read a very circumstantial description of fixed submarine mines. This branch of harbour fortification likewise engaged the attention of many engineers and physicists before its alleged invention by Bushnell and Fulton. On this subject the supposed inventors of mechanical mines cannot be held to have originated anything but a more perfect firing. We even find from very early times the main idea of the submarine vessel, as employed for naval purposes, pervading a long series of contrivances destined to supersede the employment of professed divers for conveying submerged fiery or explosive contrivances under the bottom of ships. In the days of James I. the learned Dr. Cornelius van Drebbel seems to have constructed a tolerably efficient submarine vessel, which could carry at the end of a spar a mechanically explosible powder charge. The elaboration of really practical crafts of this kind has been assiduously attempted at various times since, and Mr. Nordenfeldt's vessel or the American *Peacemaker* can only be regarded as the result of modern scientific discoveries applied to a very old idea.

But, however ancient the idea of submarine warfare may be, its systematic application belongs to the second half of this century. It is said that Louis XIV. discouraged all attempts at its development, on the canting plea of its disloyal character, but obviously because he felt himself sufficiently powerful on the sea. It was for a similar reason that Fulton's really very efficient machines were discouraged first by Napoleon, and then by our own Government; the French Emperor considered that such methods of warfare, if seriously countenanced, would favour the art of defence in a manner which did not suit his aggressive policy. In England, on the other hand, public opinion about torpedoes was fairly represented by the words Lord St. Vincent is reported to have pronounced after the celebrated experiment off Walmer Castle in 1809, when the brig *Dorothea* was successfully blown up by a drifting torpedo. "Pitt is a fool," he bluntly remarked to Fulton himself, "for encouraging a mode of warfare which, if successful, would wrest the trident from those who claim to bear it as the sceptre of supremacy on the ocean." And so, after having vainly attempted to help the French to blow up the English and the English to blow up the French, Fulton, thoroughly disgusted, returned to America, where, although it did not meet with the consistent help he expected, his invention seems to have been utilized to a certain extent by his countrymen in the conflict of 1812-13. The idea fructified in the New World, especially after Samuel Colt had generalized the application of electricity to the firing of mines—an invention, by the way, which the French claim for one Gillot—and devised his "reflector," the prototype of many of the more perfect methods of watching and working a mine-field.

Submarine mining of some description or other was resorted to in most of the naval wars of this century but with varying success, by the Russians in the Baltic and the Black Sea, by the Austrians for the protection of Venice in '59 and '66, and even by the Chinese against us. But it was only during the course of the war of Secession that torpedoes, as "submarine batteries," or under mobile conditions, began to play a really important part in warfare. From that period only have mine-field and torpedo been recognized as indispensable adjuncts to naval and military armaments. Submarine-mining defences were prepared by the Danes in '64, by the Austrians in '66. They were used with success by the forces of Paraguay against the Brazilians, and played an important part in the Franco-German and Russo-Turkish wars, though in the case of the former their rôle seems to have been purely moral. But the moral effect of the belief that the waters of roadstead or harbours are mined will ever have influence on naval operations, although the mysterious and appalling character of the art is fast disappearing. The primitive feeling that the submarine mine is a disloyal and unchivalrous weapon has long made way before the more rational conception that to mine a roadstead is as legitimate and natural as to have galleries under the glacis of

a fortress. Sub-aquatic mining has reached of late years—ever since, in fact, it has been recognized as an "arm," so to speak, of the service—a state of great perfection, and it takes its place not only as an important, but as an indispensable, element in coast and harbour defence. So much so that our authorities, who, from the very nature of their position, are ever on the look-out for some "royal road" to that difficult achievement, an increase of military power without too much military expenditure, have resolved to confide a great part of these defences to the auxiliaries, under the guidance of a few officers of Engineers. And so, until the time when a large increase of regular submarine miners will be sanctioned, the Engineer officer will—with reference, at least, to that branch of engineering which deals with coast and harbour defence—revert to his pristine position of instructor and director of work done by independent bodies. Such a state of things, of course, is not so desirable as an increase in the submarine mining companies of the Royal Engineers adequate to our modern requirements. But, since our complicated military institutions render it necessary to hand over the task of protecting the mother-country on land to amateur soldiers, we must be thankful for the fact that one, at least, of the numerous elements which enter into a complete system of coast defence is being attended to. This is a step in the right direction, and one which may possibly lead to others equally important, such, for instance, as working organization of the auxiliary artillery. We may now, perhaps, expect that when local submarine mining corps have proved themselves capable of efficient work—as they probably will if properly supported by the Ordnance Department—some real guns may be handed over to the Volunteer Artillery, at least on the coast, to protect the sub-mining defences.

The value of mines as an obstacle to attack from the sea is undoubtedly very great, especially in comparison to its cost; hence the kindness with which auxiliary submarine miners are looked upon now that we are beginning to realize that the regular establishment is totally inadequate. But it must not be forgotten that mined waters are, just like stretches of military obstacles in front of fortified positions, of little use unless actively defended by fire. However efficient as adjuncts to artillery defence, by themselves they are incapable to prevent systematic attack. On the other hand, a well-planned system of mines, carefully laid out, adequately watched by guard boats, coast batteries, and machine guns, is the only means known at present to oblige the enemy to lengthy and cautious operations, instead of attempting a rapid *coup de main*; for there can be no question, even for the most dashing commander, of running past forts and batteries when every channel is alive with destructive charges. In fact, the chief part of the mine in modern warfare is to deprive the naval attack of one of its greatest elements of superiority, its initiative and its mobility. Apart from the purely moral effect of mines on the movements of an assailant, their efficiency depends on the completeness of every part of their arrangements; and the important question at this moment is whether amateur engineers can be trusted with such work. No engineering operation can be very much simpler in theory than the laying out of a mine-field, given abundant and serviceable stores and adequate boating appliances; the only part of the work requiring extensive technical qualifications is with reference to the planning of efficient obstructions, either live or passive, and the adaptation of available material to the best advantage with reference to topography and existing defences. But, on the other hand, there are few operations more subject to the complications of unforeseen difficulties in actual practice, owing to weather and wind, tides and currents, mists or fogs, and shifting of ground. To cope with these a familiar and accurate knowledge of the locality to be defended is of paramount importance, and it is on this account chiefly that good results can be expected from the utilization of local corps.

Under the simple head of submarine mining are included a multitude of the most widely different occupations, special proficiency in all of which, even among the Royal Engineers, is found next to impossible to attain. They comprise, on the one hand, operations of a somewhat delicate kind, such as fitting and testing complex pieces of apparatus, and, on the other, more purely manual labour, such as loading mine cases, connecting them up to cables and chains, dealing with electrical cables and wire rope, and slinging the stores thus prepared on board the vessels that are to take them out to sea. Then comes the actual work of laying out the mines according to a variety of arrangements with reference to settled landmarks, and of raising them up again either for practice or repairs. For these and the necessary sounding operations familiarity with sea-water and the character of the locality is indispensable. Another and quite as important department is that appertaining to the test-rooms, the focus wherein converge the electric cores of all the cables which connect the mine-field with the shore. There, by ingenious, if perhaps too elaborate devices, they are made to tell at any time through the agency of testing and signalling batteries the exact state of every individual mine, and when actually for service to signal the passage of ships over them, firing them or not at the will of the operator. The production of electric light, for the watching of mine-fields at night, forms also a branch of the "subminers'" work as at present constituted, but on actual service this duty will probably be attached to the coast artillery.

Work on the water and in the connecting-ground is too different from that in the workshop, the fitting, and testing rooms to be performed interchangeably with efficiency by the same set of men, unless they are able to devote all their time and energies to the

purpose—a thing which, of course, could not be expected of auxiliaries. But there is no reason why, by proper division of labour and selection, according to individual taste and aptitude, these different branches should not be satisfactorily worked by local corps under the guidance of some fully-trained regular officers. Moreover, in this department of military engineering improvement lies in the direction of greater simplicity; and it may be hoped that, with a view to promoting the extension of our submarine defences by bringing them within the competency of our auxiliaries, simplification, especially in the test-room, will be studied, were it even at the expense of more cunning, but too complicated, scientific contrivances.

In a recent lecture before the United Service Institution, "On the Personnel for Submarine Mining," Colonel Backnill remarked on this topic:—"Fortunately for the nation, unfortunately perhaps for the service, we have never had a chance yet of trying our system in actual warfare. The natural desire to attain theoretical perfection has consequently produced complexity of design, with its concomitant difficulties. Among the most serious of all is the training of the personnel. A submarine-mining test-room, with its multitude of wires and instruments, may engender beautiful ideas in the contemplative sapper; but depend upon it that one-half of this gear might, with great advantage to the service, be swept into the sea. In submarine mining we try to teach a man everything." The employment of Volunteers for this very complex work is at present still in the stage of experiment. Meanwhile we are glad to notice the production by Messrs. Clowes of a new "red book" compiled by Captain A. Elliot Black, Submarine-miners 1st Lanarkshire Engineer Volunteers, entitled *Drill Book for the Use of Volunteer Submarine Miners*. The only information obtainable hitherto on the dread art of sub-aquatic defence, if we except the strictly confidential "Manual" of the Royal Engineers, has been in the writings of Lieutenant Sleeman, all of which are very interesting to any one possessed of a previous and catholic knowledge of torpedo warfare, but are not allowed to convey any practical knowledge to the uninitiated. Captain Black has, we presume with authority, given in a methodical and concise manner all the official instructions bearing on the work expected of the rank and file of submarine-mining auxiliaries. That is, work on the connecting-ground, at the pier-head, on the mooring-vessel, and in the loading-sheds, with all the necessary detail about rowing and signalling, knotting, splicing, &c. Although this unpretending work is only a drill-book, absolutely restricted to the elements of the subject (any other kind of information being still reckoned as "strictly confidential"), it deals with these with such clearness of text and neatness of drawing that it is not too much to say that it not only meets a long-felt want, but it may do much towards keeping up the interest of our seaport Volunteers in the subject of submarine mining.

RACING.

IT is not the fault of the authorities at Goodwood that some of the glories of their meeting are equalled, if not to some extent eclipsed, by the excellence and conveniences of the summer meetings at Kempton Park and Sandown. The Kempton Park Grand Two-year-old Race of 2,000*l.* would have done credit to the best day at Goodwood; yet, like the Whitsuntide Plate of 5,000*l.* at Manchester, it did not bring out the best public form of the season; and, in spite of the large stakes given at the more modern meetings, somehow or other the best horses still come out at old-fashioned meetings, like Goodwood, Ascot, Epsom, Doncaster, and Newmarket. In only beating Simon Pure by a neck, after a hardish race, "Mr. Abington's" Juggler did nothing to give him a right to be considered a colt of exceptionally high class, and his subsequent defeat by Simon Pure at 3 *lbs.*, when the pair ran second and third to Ayrshire for the Prince of Wales's Stake at Goodwood, showed how lucky he was to win this rich stake at Kempton. He promises, however, to be a useful colt, and he has plenty of size and muscle. His breeding, again, with two crosses of Bay Middleton, Birdcatcher, and Touchstone blood, is all that could be wished. The Victoria Cup at Kempton was a repetition of the Stockbridge Cup, except that the course was two furlongs longer, that Annamite was an absentee, and that Kingwood, Gay Hermit, and St. Mirin ran at even weights. Although meeting his opponents on 9 *lbs.* worse terms, Kingwood again won easily; but this time St. Mirin beat Gay Hermit. It was a very interesting race and an excellent performance on the part of Kingwood, who seems well worth the 2,250*l.* which Mr. Benzon gave for him before the race. "Mr. Childwick's" big four-year-old colt, Harpenden, had no difficulty in winning the Kempton Park July Handicap of 1,000*l.*, a performance which made him favourite for the Jubilee Handicap at Sandown a few days later; but we shall refer to this presently. The Kempton International Two-year-old Plate brought about the fall of Mr. R. Vyner's famous colt, Crowberry, who had hitherto been unbeaten, and had been expected by many to turn out the best two-year-old of the year. Yet it would not do to make too much of his defeat, as Bartizan "slipped his horses" at the start, and was never caught before he reached the winning-post. This colt is very much inbred to Birdcatcher and Touchstone, all but one of his eight great-grandparents having been either a child or a grandchild of one of those stallions. Moreover

he has four strains of the blood of each of these two famous sires in his veins.

On the first day at Leicester, Timothy won the Midland Derby Stakes of 1,500*l.* very easily from half a dozen rather moderate horses, to all of whom he was giving weight. Although he cannot yet claim to have run within some pounds of the best public form he has been very lucky in winning large stakes, having won 4,750*l.* last year and 2,411*l.* already this season. Like the Kempton Park Grand Two-year-old Stakes, the Zetland Stakes of 2,000*l.* at Leicester did not bring out any two-year-old that had shown first-class form. The race was won by Repeater II., who beat Hark, from whom he was receiving 10 *lbs.*, by three-quarters of a length. Both colts had been beaten several times. The Leicestershire Jubilee Handicap of 2,000*l.* was won by Mr. Homfray's Kinsky, who was giving from a stone to two stone and a half to each of his eleven opponents over a mile. This horse, who is by Kisber, is doubly inbred both to Bay Middleton and to Touchstone, and trebly to Birdcatcher.

Considering the excitement caused by the Jubilee Handicap of 3,000*l.* at Kempton Park, it was remarkable how little interest was taken in its namesake of the same value at Sandown; but the former race took place in the beginning of May, when Jubilee celebrations and handicaps were comparative novelties; whereas the latter was run for late in July, when such things had become quite commonplace. In addition to this, there can be little doubt, judging from the acceptances, that the Kempton handicap was the best of the pair. Eighteen horses started at Kempton against only seven at Sandown. "Mr. Childwick's" Harpenden was the favourite in the latter case, but the race was won by Cannon's three-year-old colt, Humewood, to whom Harpenden was giving a stone more than weight-for-age. Of the stakes, Humewood received 1,500*l.*, Harpenden 1,000*l.*, and Stourhead, who ran third, 500*l.* Humewood, who was ridden by little M. Cannon, is by the rather obscure stallion Londeborough, who was inbred to Blacklock. The race that followed the Jubilee Handicap at Sandown was the Great Kingdon Two-year-old Race of 500*l.* Satiety and Bartizan were the first and second favourites, and they finished in the same order, Satiety, who had 5 *lbs.* the worst of the weights, winning by half a length. The winner had now been out nine times without being beaten, and he had won nearly 4,000*l.* in stakes; but, taking his form through Springhaven, with whom he ran a dead heat, he had not yet run within several pounds of the best of his year. The Friday at Sandown was about the best day that backers had had this season, for the first favourites won every race. The Great National Breeder's Produce Stakes of 1,000*l.* (with the sweepstakes it was worth 1,326*l.*) was won very easily by General Owen Williams's Senanus. This was his third victory, besides a walk over; but it will be remembered that he was two lengths behind Satiety for the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot. He now beat Repeater II. by five lengths, a performance which shows what a lucky colt the latter was to pick up the valuable Zetland Stakes at Leicester.

The Goodwood Meeting began with a day's racing of moderate interest. Friar's Balsam and Seabreeze maintained their previous form, the first by winning the Richmond Stakes of 817*l.*, and the second the Ham Stakes of 1,000*l.*, in each case "easily by a length and a half." As much as 25 to 1 was laid on Friar's Balsam, and 6 to 1 was laid on Seabreeze. The Steward's Cup was won by an extreme outsider. Bessie, Fullerton, and Crafton were the strongest favourites; but just below the distance a little jockey, in a Rob Roy Tartan jacket with red sleeves and cap on a black colt, came to the front, fought his way through the leading horses, and won easily by three lengths. The winner turned out to be Mr. Mackenzie's Upset, ridden by young M. Cannon, whose brother Tom rode Tib, the second in the race. At the Newmarket July Meeting Upset had run a bad third to Gervas and Braw Lass, when meeting them on very favourable terms. He was now only carrying 6 st. 5 *lbs.* at the age of four, but even under so light a weight 25 to 1 was laid against him at the start. He is by See Saw out of Fair Vestal—a finely bred mare. Jack O'Lantern, by the same sire, is said to have turned roarer, and he was brought out later in the afternoon to run for a hundred-pound plate, which he just won by a neck, and was then bought in for 410 guineas. Last season he won the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, beating Salisbury. He also won three other races, his winnings amounting to 2,762*l.* The prettiest race of the day was the dead heat for the Gratwicke Stakes, between Lord Bradford's Fretwork and "Mr. Manton's" Heloise. In the deciding heat Lord Bradford's filly made all the running, and won the 600*l.* by half a length.

Mr. R. Orest's Tommy Tittlemouse made a surprising advance on the form he had shown earlier in the month, by winning the Drayton High Weight Handicap by five lengths at Goodwood on the Wednesday. General Owen Williams's Financier, who ran second, appears to have lost the fine speed that he showed as a two-year-old. To see a horse running in the name of Sir Tatton Sykes was a novelty. Cardinal Mai, a straight-pasterned, flat-sided chestnut colt by Hermit, who ran in Sir Tatton's colours for the Levant Stakes, did not please the critics, in spite of his splendid shoulders; but he won the race, although only by a head, from "Mr. Manton's" filly, A Life's Mistake. Exmoor and Kinsky were the leading favourites for the Chesterfield Cup, although they were each allowing from nearly a stone to three stone to all their opponents. It turned out that neither of them could give the weights, and the race lay entirely among the light division, the most lightly handicapped horse in the field

being the eventual winner. Below the distance Dante seemed to be winning, and then his jockey saw little Mornington Cannon coming up with Sir Frederick Johnston's Spot. Whether this unnerved the boy or not we are unable to say, but he took up his whip, when his horse at once began to stop, and M. Cannon won with Spot by three-quarters of a length. Like M. Cannon's successful mount for the Steward's Cup on the previous day, Spot was so lightly weighted as to be "turned loose," as it is termed. Nevertheless it was an amazing improvement on his previous public form. He was admirably ridden, although his jockey is said to be only thirteen years old, and the colt has good enough blood in his veins to win anything, being by Springfield out of Dot, by Resicrucian, out of Edith by Newminster. Both his sire and his dam had the Birdcatcher-Touchstone cross, and he has that strain of Bay Middleton which is to be found in the pedigree of very many of the horses that have been successful of late. The Sussex Stakes of 812l. created some interest because it was a public trial of Scottish King—an outsider in the St. Leger betting—with the winner of the Oaks. Réve d'Or won by a head only, but she had 8 lbs. the worst of the weights (at weight for sex) and Wood, who was riding her, never used his whip.

The Goodwood Cup, on the Thursday, produced a remarkable race between the Duke of Westminster's three-year-old colt Savile (who was purchased as a foal at the sale of Lord Falmouth's stud) and Mr. D. Baird's four-year-old St. Michael. When rather more than half the race had been run—that is to say, when the horses had run a mile and a half—Savile appeared to be in difficulties. At the top turn the two French horses, Comte de Berteux's Upas and Vanneau, seemed to have the race between them; but presently they began to tire, and soon after reaching the bottom of the hill Savile, who was being hard ridden, got to the front again. Then St. Michael also came up, and the two Frenchmen retired. A tremendous race followed between Savile and St. Michael. The pair were so close together that they almost came into collision, and passing the post side by side they ran a dead heat. In the deciding heat Savile made the running over the whole of the long course of two miles and a half. He ran very gamely, which St. Michael did not, and he won by three-quarters of a length. Neither Savile nor St. Michael had a very high reputation; and, as Upas is thought a good deal of in France, the result of the Goodwood Cup says much for the superiority of the English horses. The defeat of two such crack three-year-olds as Senanus and Caerlaverock by Mon Droit for the Rous Memorial Stakes of 1,387l. was a great surprise, and upset a good deal of the two-year-old form of the season. It was thought that Caerlaverock looked big and cantered short; but there was no apparent excuse for Senanus. When "Mr. Manton" sold her yearlings in a lot to Lord Calthorpe last season, she made an indifferent bargain, and Lord Calthorpe scarcely made a better when he resold Mon Droit to Porter for 160 guineas. This filly has already won considerably more than 2,000l. in stakes, and she appears to be improving rapidly. The Duke of Portland's Ayrshire had no difficulty in winning the Prince of Wales's Stakes from Simon Pure and Juggler. He has now won between five and six thousand pounds in four victories. Humewood, who was sold to Lord Rodney before the race for the Corinthian Plate, proved, by winning in a canter under one of the heaviest weights in the handicap from a dozen opponents, that his victory in the Sandown Jubilee Handicap had been no fluke; and Tommy Tittlemouse maintained the form he had shown in the Drayton High Weight Handicap by beating Upset, the winner of the Stewards' Cup, for the Singleton Plate.

It has been the fashion to speak of Merry Duchess's victory in the City and Suburban Handicap as somewhat of a fluke. Be that as it may, she won the Visitors' Plate on the Friday at Goodwood very cleverly, when giving weight to everything in the race. "Mr. Somers's" Carlton won the Goodwood Stakes by ten lengths, without any apparent effort, although he was giving more than 3st. to some of his opponents, and something over a stone and a half to each of them. He is the best representative of Melbourne, so far as staying over a distance is concerned, and he also does great credit to the despised Blacklock, of whose blood three strains run in his veins. Some critics consider him a trifle leggy and wanting in depth of girth, but he is a grand horse for all that. Little Tom Cannon, jun., won the Chichester Stakes with a 20 to 1 outsider, and both he and his brother are certainly jockeys of great promise. The Duke of Beaufort's two-year-old Hark won the Findon Stakes after 3 to 1 had been laid on him; but the winner of the Oaks was not so fortunate when 2 to 1 was laid on her for the Nassau Stakes, for Mr. D. Baird's Maize, to whom she was giving 12 lbs., made all the running, and won by a neck. This was a great advance on Maize's previous public form, and from 12 to 20 to 1 had been laid against her before the race.

THE DOCTRINE OF POLITICAL ASSASSINATION.

IT is a mistake, as a writer in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* points out, to suppose that the doctrine of political assassination or tyrannicide has a merely historic or academical interest. If it is said that our age has outgrown so barbarous a theory, and that the change from absolute to constitutional government would alone suffice to render it obsolete, the reply on both points must unfortunately be a decided negative.

Not to dwell on the fact that autocratic government still survives in some countries, as in Russia, and reappears at intervals elsewhere, there are and always must be others besides reigning autocrats to whom it may seem worth while to apply this *ultima ratio* of the oppressed or those who deem themselves to be oppressed, if once the principle be allowed. The same motive and the same kind of perverse justification which served to inspire the political murders of Venice and Rome in the middle ages at this moment, to cite the reviewer, arm the Irish peasant and the American dynamiter, and explain the recent assassination of two Presidents of the United States and of the late Emperor of Russia. It was the same sentiment, we may add, which prompted not many years ago the blundering attempt of a German ultramontane fanatic on the life of Bismarck, and in Spanish South America these political assassinations are of frequent occurrence. It is therefore a matter of some actual interest to ascertain how so detestable a doctrine ever came to be seriously entertained, and that not only by the heathen countrymen of Brutus or of Harmodius and Aristogiton, but by devout and believing Christians. The reviewer deals chiefly with the history of political murder, especially by poisoning, at Venice, where by the way it was practised by rather than on the governing powers, and notices also some of the alleged cases of poisoning of Popes and Cardinals at Rome, on which last point Mr. Creighton has enlarged afresh in the latest volumes of his *History of the Papacy*. But he prefaces his sketch with a brief notice of the doctrine as formulated by mediæval legists and divines, such as St. Thomas Aquinas, Grotius, and Mariana the Jesuit, who is the most outspoken and uncompromising apologist of tyrannicide, while he is also undoubtedly one of the ablest and the most honest theologians that Society has ever produced. Into the ghastly record of political murders, at Venice or elsewhere, we do not propose to enter here, but of the history of the doctrine, first formulated by Catholic divines, but frankly adopted and acted upon by their Protestant rivals afterwards, it may be worth while to offer a somewhat fuller and more precise account than is given by the reviewer. It will be seen that on closer inspection it looks more plausible than might at first sight be imagined—otherwise, indeed, it could never have been maintained and accepted as it was—though we do not of course mean to imply any doubt that it must be unhesitatingly condemned. Even were the abstract arguments more plausible than they are, the practical objections would be decisive. The very fascination of the doctrine for those who are the victims of oppression—as the history of Greece and Rome, not to add of the Jews, abundantly testifies—would suffice to make it a weapon unfit in any case to be entrusted to their hands. Moreover if it is left to individuals to judge when tyranny has become so intolerable, and all regular methods of redress so hopeless, that the knot may lawfully be cut with the dagger, the practical decision is pretty sure to fall into the hands of the persons least qualified to form a sound judgment either as to the justification or the probable consequences of the act they are about to perpetrate. In such a case it will not be the high-minded, grave, and impartial patriot, but the wild though perhaps honest devotee of some religious or political cause, to whom *furor arma ministrat*. The motives of Clement, "the eternal glory of France," as Mariana styles him, and of Ravillac were probably respectable, but nobody in this day will hold their action to be excused. Far better excuse may be pleaded for Charlotte Corday, but the radical difficulty remains that, if once the principle be admitted, it is impossible in practice to draw a line. Experience proves that in a state of society where political assassination is held to be under any circumstances justifiable, assassinations which every sound moralist would unhesitatingly condemn are sure to be frequent. What Luther said of the Bible is true in an analogous sense of this not very Biblical doctrine, "it hath hands and feet." To give it public sanction in any shape, and under whatever theoretical restrictions, is like putting edged tools into children's hands. It cannot remain infructuous.

The great apologists of tyrannicide have been the Jesuits, but the doctrine in its Christian form is much older than the Jesuit Order. At the beginning of the fifteenth century, not to go further back, a Franciscan friar, Jean Petit, who was professor of theology at Paris, undertook to justify the murder of the Duke of Orleans on the plea "that it is lawful, by natural and divine law, for every subject to kill or cause to be killed a traitorous and disloyal tyrant." His teaching was sharply denounced by Gerson and formally condemned by the Council of Constance in a decree which Mariana rejects altogether, as not sanctioned by the Pope. Other Jesuit divines have sought to evade its force by their favourite distinction between a tyrant *in titulo*—i.e. a usurper—and a tyrant *in regimine*, who is a lawful sovereign by election or hereditary descent but has abused his trust. The decree cannot, they urge, apply to the former, because a tyrant *in titulo* has no "subjects." The religious feuds of the Reformation period naturally served to develop and accentuate the principle affirmed by Jean Petit, and three Jesuit divines, one of whom became a Cardinal, anticipated Mariana in defending it, at least as regards tyrants *in titulo*; a tyrant *in regimine* they thought should be publicly deposed before individuals had a right to kill him. The appearance however of Mariana's famous work *De Rege et Regis Institutione* formed an epoch in the history of the doctrine. It was published at Toledo in 1599 *cum permisso superiorum* and dedicated to Philip III. The author broadly defined as tyrants all sovereigns, legitimate or not, who forfeit their rights by governing for their own selfish interests, not for the good of their

people; such unjust rulers become "the enemies of the human race," and may lawfully be slain by their subjects, as Henry III. of France had then recently been slain by Clement the Dominican, who is spoken of as acting under the special grace and assistance of God. Mariana defends this view by appealing to the common voice of mankind, as illustrated, e.g. in the chosen heroes of Greek and Roman history, which is "the voice of nature in our minds," and argues that the sovereign power is always dependent on popular consent, and that a tyrant is worse than a ferocious wild beast, which of course anybody deserves credit for destroying. When there exists a public assembly in the country, it should meet and pronounce sentence first, but where no such resource is available, any individual who has the courage to act may lawfully make himself the interpreter of the popular will. One limitation only Mariana not very logically insists upon; he prohibits the use of poison, as forbidden by the same *communis sensus hominum* which justifies the principle of tyrannicide. Sarpi, as we know from his posthumous treatise on the Venetian Republic, was so far from sharing this scruple that he expressly recommends poison as the most convenient way of removing citizens who have become too powerful; but then we also know from his posthumous works that Sarpi, though a professing Catholic, was a crypto-atheist. Mariana's book excited a great outcry in France, and the French Jesuits found it necessary to repudiate his teaching, but in the Society generally it was more or less openly adopted, notably by their great divine Suarez, who could appeal as regards the case of a tyrant *in título* to the authority of St. Thomas Aquinas. But various subtle and ingenious distinctions were elaborated by different writers on which we need not dwell here. In the Gallican Church the doctrine of course obtained no foothold, and it was vigorously and uncompromisingly confuted and condemned by Bossuet. Among French Protestants on the other hand, as was to be expected with a persecuted minority, as well as Protestants elsewhere, it gained ground. The assassination of the Duke of Guise and of Cardinal Beaton found many defenders; and Bishop Poyet—whose infamous character however discounts the value of his testimony—wrote a *Short Treatise of Politic Power* to prove by examples both in sacred and profane history the lawfulness of murdering tyrants like "our bloody Queen Mary." Nor can there be any doubt that the principle had at least informal papal sanction. Sixtus V., one of the best Popes of his age, publicly compared the murder of Henry III. to the slaying of Holofernes by Judith, and Ridolfi's plot for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth had the approval of Pius V. It is satisfactory to reflect, though for that we owe no thanks to the assassins or their apologists, that such plots usually fail altogether, and even when successful for the moment almost invariably fail of the end designed by their authors. There is a story told of Lord Eldon that on one occasion, when threatened by the mob, with whom he had made himself unpopular, he put his head out of the carriage window and exclaimed, "You may shoot me, if you like, but there will be another Lord Chancellor by eight o'clock to-morrow morning." Intending assassins for their country's sake would do wisely to lay to heart the moral of the tale.

We said just now that, when once the principle of political murder is admitted, under whatever safeguards and restrictions, on the plea of public utility, the practice is sure far to outrun the theory without any shadow of even plausible excuse. But even that is not the worst. We know alike from past and present experiences that under such conditions the murderer who acts from the lowest and most selfish motives may reckon on securing the acquiescence or admiration of those who for reasons of their own sympathize with his act or expect to profit by it. And thus the whole standard of public morality is debased. The legendary heroes of Athenian history—how far the legend is true matters nothing to our argument—may have shared the courage of Brutus, but, as Thucydides points out, clearly did not share his unselfish patriotism, yet they enjoyed for centuries a full share of his posthumous renown. In our own day we have seen vulgar and brutal murderers raised by the homage of thousands of their countrymen, under the guidance of mitred prelates, to the rank of saints and "martyrs," and if the late Father Burke had the manliness to denounce from the pulpit the Phoenix Park atrocity, Archbishop Croke was careful to condone it. And this leads to a further remark. It is often said that crimes committed under a perverted conviction of duty are more excusable than those which spring from mere selfish greed or passion. And this may be sometimes, though not always, true as regards the individual offender. There is a very real sense in which, as St. Paul points out, it marks a lower level of moral degradation to take pleasure in them that do evil than to do it. Aristotle had affirmed much the same principle long before in the *Ethics*, in his well-known distinction between the man who sins from deliberate choice and the irresolute man who goes astray from lack of self-control. But there can at all events be no doubt that a false standard of right and wrong is more demoralizing to the public conscience and more dangerous to the State than isolated acts of crime. That alone would sufficiently meet a favourite fallacy of the Parnellites about ordinary crimes being more infrequent in Ireland than in England, even if their statement were strictly accurate, whereas it cannot in fact be accepted without considerable reserve; among convicted criminals in England Irish offenders form a proportion far in excess of their relative numbers in the population. But were it otherwise, it would still remain true that crimes, including political murder, which are committed and defended on principle, are for that very reason more dangerous than

ordinary crimes of theft or violence, being perpetrated not merely in disobedience to the law, but in open defiance of it. It is a graver offence to corrupt than to outrage public morality; it is "poisoning the wells." "Murder regarded as a fine art" is bad enough, but murder established as a philosophical doctrine is a great deal worse.

THE STATE OF THE LONDON MUSIC-HALLS.

THE OXFORD, THE TROCADERO, THE MIDDLESEX, THE PAVILION.

IN our recent articles upon the state of the London theatres we were compelled to point out a series of defects and shortcomings both in their construction and in their management which called for the immediate and active interference of the Lord Chamberlain and the Board of Works. But, whatever may be said of the London theatres, they are fireproof as compared with the majority of the music-halls. There is, however, a notable exception, to which we shall come presently. In comparing the music-halls with the theatres, it must be remembered that, if the former are much smaller and do not contain as many people as the latter, they unquestionably make up for the difference in size by a more than proportionate amount of danger. In the first place, drinking, which admittedly tends to excite the audience, goes on during the entire performance, and smoking is of common occurrence. Indeed, it is the rule, and not the exception, with the male portion of the audience. Smoking leads to throwing about lighted cigar ends and cigarette ends. And one muslin dress set on fire by a match or a cigar or cigarette end carelessly thrown would create just as great a panic as would take place in a theatre wrapped in flames. The old Oxford Music-hall was, if we recollect rightly, burnt down through carelessness of this kind, and what has happened once may happen again.

The entrance to the Oxford is in Oxford Street. In case of fire, the entire audience might have to leave, as they leave every night, by the one door by which they come in. There is another small exit, as the label says, "in case of need," on the O.P. side of the stalls; but on the night of our visit it was locked. Another label directs the audience to another door on the Prompt side, which leads on to a small back-yard in Donaldson's Buildings and through a small, narrow court, blocked with shop-shutters, on to Tottenham Court Road. This door was also locked. Playful little jokes like these may possibly be amusing, but in our judgment should be sternly repressed. Twenty-one stairs lead on either side of the house to the balcony. At the very back of the hall, and quite close to the steps of the balcony, is, according to the label, another extra door. On examination, however, it turns out that the door in question leads down nineteen steps to the small yard in Donaldson's Buildings to which we have referred. In fine, there is but one real exit to the Oxford, and that exit is in no way sufficient.

Bad as is the Oxford, it cannot compare in any way with the Trocadero. This house is situated in Windmill Street, and its one entrance is divided into four doors. It is hardly possible to believe not only that all these four doors open inwards, but also that, even in this hot weather, three out of the four doors were firmly barred and bolted up. Entering by the one narrow door which was open for the public, we came into a narrow passage of some forty-five feet long and nine broad. This is the vestibule into which the entire audience would have to flock before they entered the one open door which leads to the street. To reach the stalls on the Prompt side the audience has to turn to the right, pass through a narrow door, and mount three stairs before it can get on a straight line. The extra door at the end of this passage was locked. Two staircases, of twenty steps each, and covered with slippery cocoanut matting, lead to the balcony and private boxes on either side. There is not even, as at the Oxford, a pretence of an extra exit of any kind to the balcony; and, summed up, the state of the Trocadero amounts to this. Nearly a thousand persons, coming from five different parts, would have, in case of a panic, to fight their way into a narrow passage before they could reach the only door, which is not bigger than the door of an ordinary drawing-room. Some time ago the police interfered to prevent the young men about town from disturbing the neighbourhood by singing the chorus of "Two Lovely Black Eyes" at the Trocadero. They would be better employed in shutting this house till proper alterations have been made in its construction.

To say that the Middlesex, in Drury Lane, is better than the Trocadero could hardly be construed into a compliment. To say more would be untrue; to say less would be unfair. The construction of the Middlesex somewhat reminds one of the Trocadero. It is nearly three years since the Board of Works made a thorough inspection of it, and insisted upon its reconstruction. That it sadly needed it may be at once admitted, for it is very far from being in anything like a fit state to have a licence granted to it. In the first place, it must be remembered that the Middlesex has a gallery more than either the Oxford or the Trocadero. Indeed, it reminds one rather of a theatre than a music-hall, and in consequence needs at least as many exits as, let us say, the Vaudeville. As at the Trocadero, there are four front doors; but it must be noted that these doors were kept open. There is one little narrow extra door leading into Shelton Street, but approach to it was considerably impeded by the audience, who sat all around and about it on chairs and camp-

stools. When we succeeded in getting to it, it was only to find that the first doors were on very powerful springs, and that the next door on to Shelton Street was bolted. There is also a door at the very back of the hall on the opposite side; but as there was no placard up, and as the door was locked, it matters little whether it leads anywhere or not. There is also a door facing the stage, which is labelled as an "extra door"; but on examination it turned out only to lead into what, for want of a better name, one must call the vestibule. There is but one exit, up twenty steps, to the first balcony, and that, like all the rest, leads into the front. Matters are much the same with the second balcony, the only difference being that there are forty-one instead of twenty steps to climb. There is no exit in the hall itself to either of these parts of the house. It will be readily seen that the alterations at the Middlesex were not fully carried out; for, although the four front doors are kept open, there are, when the house is full, some four hundred more persons than at the Trocadero to get through them.

The Pavilion is the best possible proof that, not only does the Board of Works know how a music-hall should be constructed so as to secure the comfort and safety of its patrons, but that it can have its rules and regulations carried out when it sets its mind on it. It is well known that the ground upon which the Pavilion is built is the property of the Board of Works, and that it is not very long since the present building was erected. Under these circumstances it is hardly wonderful that the Pavilion is as safe as any one could desire. It is a curious contrast to the other music-halls we have described; and, so far as exits and entrances go, it leaves nothing to be desired. Whereas in most halls we have found but one entrance, which had also to serve as the only exit to all parts of the house, the Pavilion has no less than three in Piccadilly Circus alone, and, still more wonderful, they were all open, opened outwards, and were quite reasonably large. Besides these, we found an extra door which led on to Shaftesbury Avenue, and no less than three extra exits into Great Windmill Street. There are good wide stairs leading directly on to an extra door on each side of the balcony. It is true that one of these doors, the one on the Prompt side, wants a placard, but that is an omission easily supplied. The promenade, which is the gallery above, is equally well provided, though the round wooden money-box on the Prompt side blocks the passage and should be removed. The barriers round the stalls, which only leave a narrow opening, are useless to the management and might with advantage be done away with. The house is lit in every part with both gas and the electric light, but there are no oil lamps. It may seem carping to notice these few faults in so perfectly constructed a house, but it is a pity to let even trifles stand in the way of making the Pavilion a model music-hall. It possesses seven distinct and perfect exits, and is a standing proof that the Board of Works knows what a music-hall should be. It is only to be hoped it will see its way to make other people's property as safe and as valuable as it has made its own.

PROTECTION OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS IN FRANCE.

ONE of the matters which, without question, they order better in France is the protection of historical architecture. What is done grudgingly and spasmodically in England, and in a very limited number of cases, is done on an admirable system and uniformly throughout the whole extent of the country in France. This highly-civilized labour of conservation has been proceeding for just half a century; and no internal trouble, not even a desolating and exhausting war of occupation, has sufficed to make the French weary in this branch of well-doing. The jubilee of the preservation of French historical monuments has been very quietly celebrated in the form of the Report of a Commission appointed by the Senate to examine into the working of the present system, and we cannot but think that it would strengthen the hands of those who in this country, against fearful odds of ignorance and prejudice, are endeavouring to save the architectural relics of our history, to know more of what has been done by our neighbours. We therefore draw their attention to the Report which is signed by M. Antonin Proust, and has just been officially made public.

Already, at the close of the eighteenth century, and during the vicissitudes of the Revolution, efforts were made to save from destruction and mutilation the most interesting monuments of France. But it was in 1837 that the first real public movement occurred. In that year the existing Minister for the Interior, M. de Montalivet, appointed a Commission of public monuments. General attention had been drawn to the dangerous condition of the fortifications of Carcassonne, of the walls of Avignon, and of the majestic keep of Coucy. Men like Alexandre Lenoir, who had formed a catalogue of important buildings and what he called a museum of French monuments in Paris, and Augustin Thierry, who proclaimed that the very soul of history breathed in these mouldering edifices, had prepared the minds of cultivated men for some public action. As early as 1831 the Chambers had voted 80,000 francs on the next year's Budget for the purpose of keeping the principal historic buildings in some repair. Vitet was presently appointed Inspector-General, and public opinion was ripe when the Commission of 1837 began its work. The

first question which it undertook was that of fixing the legislation by which buildings and objects of art could be sequestered in the public interest. The reports of this first Commission show the zeal with which the members worked; in a few days they had discussed all the salient difficulties of the position, the acquirement of powers enabling them to disengage historical buildings, such as cathedrals, from the incrustation of cottages and out-houses, the question of the keeping up of decayed ecclesiastical edifices still in use, the obtaining of monies sufficient to purchase buildings over which the State was proved to have no authority. It must be remembered that the movement for the preservation of ancient monuments stepped along the lines most in vogue in 1837, and that all that was most enlightened in the literature of the day, from Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand downward, was there to encourage and to incite it to activity. Indeed, at first the presence of the Merovingian sentiment was a little too obvious in the labours of the Commission. What interested it above all else was Gothic architecture. For the Roman remains in the south and east of the country, and above all for the mysterious remnants of Celtic worship in Brittany, it showed at first but little concern. In 1840 M. Lenormant eloquently defended the monolithic monuments of the north-west from threatened destruction; it will be recollected that forty years later M. Henri Martin, and this time with more success, repeated the appeal. It deserves to be remembered that Mérimée, for many years one of the most active members of the Commission, did excellent service in this particular department. Yet a special appeal of his, in the year 1849, was not sufficient to save the Stones of Erdevén, in Morbihan, from being swept away by a new communal road. Of this singular monument not a vestige now remains. The Commission found, to its humiliation, that a vain remonstrance to the prefect of the department was all which lay in its power. This same year was an unfortunate one, for during its course, and in opposition to the vehement appeals of the Commission, the destruction of the Mazarine Palace was begun.

It is not necessary to pursue with the same minuteness the further history of the protection of historical buildings in France. The difficulties have gradually been overcome, although the Report of the Commission of to-day asks eagerly for an increase of legislative checks upon vandalism. A building may, it appears, be tabulated under the heading "monument historique," and yet be not entirely preserved from fear of destruction. When we observe the extraordinary number of buildings which have already received that modicum of protection, we cannot be surprised that the Vandal still contrives to step in. We fear that it will be long before any English county will endure to be so hemmed about and guarded from its own mischief as the department, for instance, of the Oise. This little district contains within its frontiers more protected buildings than we do not say, any English county; but, as we may almost venture to believe without exaggeration, the entire British Empire. The Oise, which was made up out of certain counties of Ile de France and Picardy, enjoyed no great prominence in Roman times, and therefore, with the exception of two towers in the Palais de Justice at Beauvais, some fragments in the hamlet of Champlieu, at the skirts of the forest of Compiègne, and the old Roman city at Senlis, there is little or nothing that is classical there for protection to throw itsegis over. But it is very different when we descend to mediæval and renaissance archaeology. Here we find, in this single department, no less than sixty separate monuments placed under the guardianship of the permanent Commission. Some of these may be instantly seen to be of national importance, such as the cathedrals of Beauvais, Senlis, and Noyon, the castle of Pierrefonds, the strange ruined churches of Crépy-en-Valois and St. Leu-d'Esserent; but the great majority consist of such buildings as would in England be admired by a few artists and studied by a few archaeologists, but which it would be considered childish to bring before Parliament as objects claiming public protection.

We have selected the Department of the Oise for special mention because its wealth of architectural remains and its neighbourhood to Paris have made it specially interesting to French antiquaries. It was, as is well known, the happy hunting-ground of the elder Viollet-le-Duc. But, although it is probably the department in which the Commission has laboured with more care than any other, it stands by no means alone. Puy-de-Dôme, with its castles and its abbey-churches of Auvergne, is very nearly as copiously protected. As might be supposed, the central departments of Normandy, and Calvados in particular, offer an extraordinary number of *monuments historiques*. In the South of France the Commission has been particularly active in securing the antique remains from destruction. In the Gard it has saved the splendid cluster of ruins in Nîmes and the Roman towers of Aigues Mortes and Gallargues. In the Bouches-du-Rhône it has protected Aix and Arles and the curious tombs at Vernègues. But more remains for it to do. In Corsica the Commission has not hitherto been able to bring any ancient building or classical monument under its influence, the salvation of a figure at Appriciani being an exception too small to disturb the rule. Along the Pyrenees, moreover, there is still a great deal to be done. The only department in all France, however, which appears to have been entirely neglected is that of the Orne. We cannot but fancy that there must be here some accidental error. This department, although, it is true, the least

interesting in Normandy, is surrounded on all sides by others which have attracted special attention from the Commission. We cannot believe, besides, that the ruined cathedral of Sées, in its own way one of the most curious ecclesiastical buildings in the north of France, has not enjoyed the measure of protection awarded to a multitude of village churches on all sides of it. It remains, however, the fact that the Orne, except in the case of two or three members, is conspicuously absent from the lists published by the Commission.

There is one matter which must not be left out of sight in recognizing the zeal and systematic care which have placed so vast a number of French buildings under public protection. It cannot be forgotten that in the past this zeal has not always been tempered with taste or discretion. The mania for restoration has been fostered by this spirit of conservation in France hardly less than it was by the High Church movement in England. Those who desire to study the characteristics of the noble Romanesque churches of the East of France must do it now in specimens of the second or even the third class, since those of the first class are hopelessly renovated. The student of architecture leaves with a sigh the great Byzantine-romanesque cathedral of St. Front at Périgueux, and turns to the little old church in the suburbs which has not yet tempted the restorer. In the Charente, it is no longer in St. Pierre d'Angoulême that the curious architecture of the Angoumois can be studied, for this cathedral, like that of St. Front, is not so much restored as rebuilt. The visitor to Angoulême who climbs the hill for the first time in the evening, and stands at last, in the twilight, beneath the façade of St. Pierre, fancies that he sees, soaring above him, one of the noblest, as certainly one of the most curious, pages of eleventh-century architecture. He comes again, by morning light, and he sees that what he admired so much in the dusk is really no more than a forgery, a modern copy, made to resemble the old vanished building as closely, stone by stone, as a learned and skilful architect could make it. There is more of antiquity, more that can really tell its story to the eye of an artist, in the melancholy ruins of La Couronne and the queer fragment of a church at Ruffec than remains in all the famous façade of Angoulême; and it is to these villages that the antiquary turns. We complain in this country, and often justly, of the devastations of Sir Gilbert Scott; but French architecture suffered from a worse scourge in the learned and zealous M. Paul Abadie, who died the other day, after a long life spent in restoring out of existence the great churches of Guienne and Poitou. We cannot help, although two blacks never make a white, dwelling on the fact that the enlightened interest which our neighbours across the Channel have shown in protecting their ancient artistic monuments has not saved them from this craze for excessive restoration. But we none the less heartily echo the satisfaction which M. Antonin Proust expresses in reviewing what the "Commission des monuments historiques" has been able to do in fifty years for the benefit of the archaeology of France, and therefore of the world.

THE BELLS OF HASLEMERE.

THE chief merit of the new play at the Adelphi is that it exactly suits the theatre for which it was written and the audience for whose benefit it was produced. There is nothing very novel in the plot; nevertheless, it must be confessed, it is interesting from beginning to end—at times absorbingly so—and the dialogue is very well written; for, although it is full of copy-book morality and many of the jokes are not too fresh, still its literary merit throughout is above the average of what is usually introduced into dramas of this class. However sensational this play may be, its tone is always wholesome. In knowledge of what is sure to please the public the authors are past masters. As to the acting, Mr. Terriss has never appeared to greater advantage. He is throughout bright and manly, and the full rich tones of his voice, in the management of which he has much improved of late, are full of charm. In the third act, where he is hunted by dogs, and dying of fever and grief, he played with great power, and at certain points his voice and countenance were charged with tragic force. The villains, of whom there are three, were cleverly played by Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, Charles Cartwright, and J. Beauchamp, and Mr. Sydney Hayes was good as the miller. Mr. Courtneidge gave a clever sketch of a good-natured Irish settler in America, and Mr. E. Dagnall was capital as a faithful negro who assists Mr. Terriss in his escapes. Miss Helen Forsyth played the part of Norah, the Irish girl, nicely, but with an uncertain brogue. Miss Millward acted admirably, and Miss Clara Jecks and Mr. E. W. Garden did very well. The scenery was excellent, notably picturesque being the scenes in America. Mr. Telbin painted the first, an exquisite view on a sugar plantation; but the still finer work of the Bayou and the cane-brake are from the brush of Mr. Bruce Smith, who has done some remarkable scenic work during the past two or three years.

The theatre has been elaborately redecored in very good taste. The exits have been enlarged and increased in number, and the new entrance is handsome and wide.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

THE Irish scenes of last week were repeated last Tuesday. Mr. Dillon, who was indifferent to the accusations of the *Times*, is deeply wounded by the aspersions of the *Trowbridge Chronicle*. That journal charged him with having cried "Hear, hear," and other Irish members with having laughed, when the stoning of a young lady by Irish Nationalists was described. Mr. Dillon denies the "Hear, hear," but the laughter of his colleagues seems to be clearly established by the newspaper reports, the general recollection of the House, and the specific testimony of nearly half a dozen members. Mr. Dillon's denial of the approving cry attributed to him is conclusive. He has not waited this time for Sir Charles Lewis. But if he and other Irish members wish to raise the standard of Parliamentary manners, we would advise them to begin with their own. Their susceptibility to slight or disparagement, real or fancied, is a psychological problem. The idea that courtesy ought to be reciprocal, or else can with difficulty exist at all, does not seem to have presented itself to them. Exhibiting themselves too often the demeanour of the pothouse disputant or the bully of the streets, they expected their opponents to be Bayards and Crichtons. Ironical or derisive laughter, though not a recognized form of Parliamentary interruption, is yet now admitted as a legitimate expression of opinion. It cannot always be avoided. Yet the Irish members are indignant when it reaches their ears. The men who cried "Down with the Speaker!" the men who use the language of Dr. Tanner, the men who exhibit the manners and deportment of Mr. Healy, and who make the lobby of the House of Commons, and sometimes the House itself, the human equivalents of a bear-garden or a monkey-cage, protest against the protests which reach them as if they were the original provocations. The bearing of the Irish members may possibly reflect itself now and then, as in a mirror, in the bearing of the Conservative members opposite them; but it is childish to blame the reflection and to endeavour to smash the mirror. If they correct their own manners, a more agreeable image will be presented to them.

Mr. Gladstone must have heard or read with secret satisfaction Mr. W. H. Smith's statement on Monday of the measures with which the Government intends to proceed and those which it feels compelled to abandon. Ministers have proposed and he has disposed. What they have made he has marred. He has not been able to prevent the Crimes Bill from becoming law substantially in the form in which it was introduced. Next week probably the Land Law Bill, too, having passed through all its stages in the Commons, will be considered by the Lords as amended. Mr. Gladstone has failed to hinder the correction of some of the blunders, and the enlargement of some of the benefits of his own Irish legislation. But he has spread what should have been the work of weeks over months; and obstruction in the Commons has nullified useful work in the Lords. The Lower Chamber has had no time to consider many of the important Bills which have come down to it from the Upper. The Session is now more than six months old. It may possibly complete its seventh month before Parliament is prorogued. Four weeks were wasted in dilatory and obstructive chatter on the Address, which but for the intervention of the Speaker might possibly, for aught we know, be going on still, the whole Session resolving itself into a debate on the Address. Other four weeks were spent in debating and amending the Closure resolution, the adoption of which has alone made the conduct of public business possible. The introduction of a measure usually takes place without lengthened debate, even when the Ministerial statement which explains it is of an important and controversial character. In opposition to this usage nine days were occupied in the first stage of the Crimes Bill, and but for the Closure those days might have been nineteen or ninety. In fact, legislation by Closure seems to be superseding legislation by debate. There is danger in the habitual use of an instrument which should be left for great emergencies. But we do not feel much alarm at the precedent. The present Session has been one great emergency. The conduct of Mr. Gladstone is without example in English Parliamentary history, and it will probably remain without imitation. No future Government is likely to have to contend with an influence and authority at once so great as his and so entirely unrestrained in its exercise by any sense of personal consistency or of Parliamentary decorum, and, to adopt the most charitable interpretation, so misguided by a perverse idea of public duty.

Mr. Smith announced on Monday that the Government intended to proceed with the Mines Regulation Bill, the Irish Land Bill, the Allotments Bill, and the Technical Education Bill. Mr. Smith has judiciously selected measures which it is not the interest of the Gladstone-Parnell opposition directly to obstruct. The mining population, the Irish farming class, the English agricultural labourers, and the artisans of the towns whom these measures will affect are important elements in the constituencies; and the friendship of Codrington and Short is emulous and watchful. The Railway and Canals Traffic Bill, which would probably be fought in detail by the railway interest, and the Land Transfer Bill, in which country gentlemen and gentlemen of the long robe are equally and minutely interested, could not be passed in the time which the measures already named and the necessary votes in supply will leave. Mr. Smith also abandons the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill. He expresses a faint hope that two Consolidation Bills—the Sheriffs Consolidation Bill (Scotland) and the County Courts Consideration Bill (England)—may pass, but though they are not measures of a controversial character, they are measures of

minute detail. Mr. Smith is sanguine enough to think it possible that the fomenters of disorder in Wales by consenting to the Tithe-Rent Charge Bill will voluntarily part with a powerful instrument of lawlessness, which they hope to use with effect in the ecclesiastical and Separatist agitation of the Principality. Mr. Smith may take it for granted that any measures as to which he leaves the Opposition any option will not be passed. Only those Bills will become law on which he insists, and on which he is prepared to close the debate and not to close the Session. Besides the four larger measures already mentioned, Mr. Smith believes he will be able to pass the Secretary for Scotland Bill and the Scotch University Bill, about both of which it is understood that Scotch members are agreed.

The Irish Land Bill, which Mr. Smith sanguinely hoped to see through Committee on Monday night, has practically occupied the greater part of the week. On Friday, July 29, the Fourth Clause, substituting written notice of ejectment for actual eviction, was carried in an amended form by a majority of 143 to 111. The Fifth Clause, giving to middlemen a power of surrender when the rent of the sub-tenants has been reduced below that which they pay to the landlords, was agreed to without discussion or debate. The Sixth Clause, dealing with town parks, excludes accommodation lands, as they are called, in the neighbourhood of towns from the operations of the Bill in regard to purely agricultural holdings. The clause, which is more liberal than that in the Act of 1881, was further enlarged by Mr. Balfour's acceptance of the population limit of two thousand persons in defining a town. It was agreed to, with a further amendment that the removal of an occupier from the country into the town should not convert his holding into a town park. The passage of this Sixth Clause brought the consideration of those provisions of the Bill relating to landlord and tenant which are of a general application to a conclusion. The purchase clauses, from 7 to 18, were passed without amendment, and with little discussion. The appeal clauses, 19 and 20, were struck out of this Bill. Clause 21, dealing with the remission of local rates, when the land for which they are payable has been unlet through intimidation, was postponed, and afterwards abandoned altogether. On Monday the Committee entered on the series of clauses relating to equitable jurisdiction. The Twenty-second Clause, which enables the courts to stay evictions in the case of certain tenants unable to pay their rent, occupied nearly the whole evening, Mr. Balfour introducing an amendment preventing recourse to the *fi-fa* process by landlords in evasion of the spirit of the clause, but extending this prohibition to other creditors also, to the great disgust of the Irish members, who have political reasons for not offending the shop-keeping and money-lending class. On Monday night the first of the bankruptcy clauses (23) was struck out of the Bill, and on Tuesday the remainder of them (24-29) were similarly disposed of. Clause 30, which gives the right of appeal from the decision of county court judges; clause 31, providing for court valuers; clause 32, dealing with court rules, orders, and fees; clause 33, amending the Purchase of Land Act, 1885; the definitions clause (34), and the short title clause (35) were passed. The Committee proceeded to the new clauses, of which the first, allowing subletting for the use of labourers employed on the holding, but in that case only, was carried on the motion of Mr. Balfour, various amendments intended to give a general right of subletting having been defeated. On Wednesday, after a good deal of time had been wasted on Sir Edward Watkin's Channel Tunnel scheme, the House in Committee on the Irish Land Bill adopted the new clause for the temporary abatement of judicial rents by 179 to 113 votes; and the Bill was passed through Committee on the understanding that the new clauses still standing on the notice paper in the names of independent members should be taken yesterday and to-day on the Report stage.

On Thursday the House went into Committee of Supply on the Army Estimates. The greater part of the evening was occupied in a discussion of the conduct of Sir John Adye and his responsibility for blunders in the conversion of naval outlasses. On the vote of 1,232,500*l.* for retiring pay and allowances, Mr. Hanbury moved that the amount of Sir John Adye's retired pay be struck out in order to mark the public sense of his negligence and incompetence. A reduction of 50*l.* was afterwards, at the suggestion of Lord Randolph Churchill, substituted for the original proposal, in order that disapproval might be recorded without severe pecuniary punishment, but the reduction was rejected by 145 votes to 132. Sir John Adye found official and ex-official defenders in Mr. Northcote, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and Mr. Childers, and vigorous assailants in Mr. Hanbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, and others. Mr. H. H. Fowler called attention to the increase in the non-effective vote; and Lord Randolph Churchill to what he called the monstrous vote for the administration of military law. A motion of Mr. Labouchere's for striking out the salary of the Judge-Advocate was rejected by 164 to 92 votes. The votes for divine service, medical establishments and militia were agreed to.

The House of Lords has discussed the constitution of Malta, the merits and demerits of Sir John Pope Hennessy, has rejected Lord Stratheden and Campbell's rather inquisitorial Smoke Nuisance Abatement, Metropolis, Bill, and passed through Committee the Margarine Bill and the Secretary for Scotland Bill. This last measure, which the Marquess of Lothian introduced, and which Lord Rosebery and Lord Camperdown supported, transfers to the Scotch Secretary most of the Scotch business hitherto done at the Home Office. It illustrates anew the practicability of Parlia-

mentary union between two countries differing radically in their legal, judicial, ecclesiastical, and administrative systems, and animated by distinct national feeling. Several other measures have been advanced several stages in the House of Lords.

THE AMERICAN TREASURY AND THE MONEY MARKET.

THE Secretary of the United States Treasury has just decided upon two very important measures. He had prepared us for them by inviting some of the principal bankers to a conference respecting the best means of resuming the redemption of the Debt. As our readers are aware, the last of the bonds that could be called in and paid off at par were redeemed on the 1st of July, and the outstanding bonds are now at a high premium. Nevertheless, there is strong unwillingness on the part of the public to see the redemption of Debt altogether stopped for some years; while there is a still stronger motive for wishing Debt redemption to go on in the state of the money market. That there should be an unwillingness to see Debt redemption stopped is most natural. The United States Debt reached its maximum at the end of August 1865—a few months, that is, after the close of the Civil War. In round figures it then slightly exceeded 551½ millions sterling, and the annual interest on the Debt somewhat exceeded 30 millions sterling. At the end of June last—the close, that is, of the last financial year—the Debt had been reduced to a little over 235 millions sterling, and the annual interest charge to somewhat under 8½ millions sterling. In the two-and-twenty years, therefore, 361½ millions sterling had been redeemed; while the annual interest charge had been reduced by 21½ millions sterling. This is a feat of which any people might be proud; and, though it may be argued very reasonably that the prosperity of the United States would be greater even than it is had Debt redemption been pursued a little more slowly, the extraordinary growth of the country in wealth, population, and industry since the close of the war proves very clearly that no material harm has been done. It is natural, then, that the public should desire to see the redemption of Debt continued; for it is clear that, if the redemption is carried on at the rate of the past two-and-twenty years, the total Debt would be swept off in a very short time. And the selfish interests of certain very powerful classes come to reinforce the natural desire of those who would wish to free their country entirely of Debt. If the redemption of Debt is to be interrupted, there must, as we shall presently show, be a great reduction of taxation, and a reduction of taxation would bring with it a sweeping away practically of the protectionist system. All, then, who are interested in maintaining Protection are interested likewise in continuing the redemption of Debt nearly at its old rate. And, lastly, there is a still more powerful interest in urging the Secretary, for a short time at least, to go on paying off Debt.

During the past financial year the surplus of revenue over expenditure in the United States was in round figures 22 millions sterling. The surplus will be larger in the new financial year if taxation is kept up at its present rate. In the first place, the expenditure has been somewhat reduced, and, in the second place, the revenue will naturally be more productive because of the growth of wealth and population. Trade has been improving very steadily for the past two years, and the improvement still continues. With improving trade and growing wealth and population it is safe to assume that the revenue will be larger, and, therefore, it is perhaps not an over-estimate if we say that the surplus this year will be about 25 millions sterling. It may even be more; it will at all events not fall much short of 2 millions sterling a month. In other words, if nothing were to be done, a very large revenue which there would be no means of spending would every week and every month add to the accumulation of idle money now lying in the Treasury. There has been a very large accumulation of unemployed money during the past few years. In the first place, the Secretary keeps a considerable sum as a reserve against the greenbacks, or Treasury notes, that circulate throughout the country. That sum, it is true, has been kept for a long time past—ever since the resumption of specie payments indeed—and is not a recent accumulation; the recent accumulation is due to the rapid redemption of Debt. The National Banks of the United States are allowed to issue notes, provided they lodge in the Treasury interest-bearing bonds of the United States, and almost the whole of the interest-bearing bonds of the United States are in fact owned by the banks and lodged in the Treasury as security for the note circulation. The payment of Debt, therefore, means the redemption and calling in of bonds which have been lodged by banks as security for their circulation. This has compelled the banks either to reduce their circulation or to buy new bonds; and, as the bonds outstanding are at a high premium, the banks in a great many cases have preferred to lose their circulation. But, as there are no means of calling in banknotes when once issued, the banks have been obliged to pay into the Treasury and leave there a sum of lawful money of the United States equivalent to the circulation lost by the redemption of bonds. Thus a very considerable fund has accumulated in the Treasury for the payment of banknotes which have been issued, many of which have been probably lost or destroyed, and the rest of which will not be presented for redemption in all likelihood for a long time to come. Thus, there has been a very considerable accumulation of unemployed money in the Treasury, and if the

surplus revenue were not employed in some way or other, the accumulation would go on still more rapidly in the present year. But a vast accumulation of millions of money in the Treasury means a withdrawal of loanable capital from the money market and a consequent crisis sooner or later. There is another cause tending to bring about this crisis. During the past two years there has been, along with the revival in trade, a great revival of railway construction throughout the United States. The construction, however, is largest in the remote States and Territories, where banking accommodation is least, and where, therefore, there is most need of actual cash. The further the new railways are pushed into unsettled Territories, the more need there is of taking notes and coin from the cities for the payment of wages, the purchase of materials, and the like, and the money so taken is retained because of the need that exists as long as this railway construction goes on, and as long as settlement follows in the wake of new railways. All through last year and the current year there has been an outflow of cash from the great cities to the interior due to this cause, and there has been a further outflow owing to the revival in trade and the consequent necessary increase in the general circulation. Owing to all these causes, the supply of loanable capital in the money market of New York has been growing less and less. The Associated Banks of that city, which keep the ultimate banking reserve of the Union, have seen that reserve growing smaller and smaller, and it has been obvious to all careful observers that, unless some serious measures were adopted, a crisis must before long occur. Now almost immediately there will be a further outflow of money from New York to the interior to "move the crops," as the phrase goes in the United States. The harvest is early this year owing to the heat and drought of the summer, and the breakdown in the wheat "corner" of Chicago has led to a rapid sending of wheat to market and a considerable increase in wheat exports. It is to be expected, therefore, that the outflow of money from New York to the interior for harvesting purposes will be early and large this year, and when this outflow is added to the outflow on account of the increasing trade and the great activity in railway-building, it may safely be assumed that there will follow a very tight money market, especially when it is borne in mind that money has been accumulating in the Treasury in large amounts as a fund for the redemption of bank-notes, and simply because the revenue largely exceeds the expenditure.

The need, then, for in some way or other getting the unemployed money out of the Treasury into general circulation is evident. The United States Government does not employ a bank as most European Governments do. The Bank of England, for instance, when it receives the revenue of the country, is able to employ that revenue in the money market, and although it charges more highly for the accommodation than the other banks, and it hence usually happens that when revenue payments are largest the rates of interest and discount in the short loan market in London are exceptionally high, yet the money paid into the Bank for account of the Government is not withdrawn from the service of trade, but is at the disposal of the commercial community for a price. In the United States, however, there is no State or semi-State bank, and the greater part of the revenue must be paid into the Treasury. A portion of it, it is true, may be lodged with what are called "depository" banks, but this portion is strictly defined by statute, and the remainder, when once it is paid into the Treasury, cannot be paid out again except in disbursement of the ordinary liabilities of Government or in redemption of Debt. The Government, then, had to face a serious dilemma. If it were to buy bonds, it would have to pay a high premium for them. If it did not, it would probably precipitate a crisis in the New York money market, which might have very serious consequences, and unquestionably must inflict heavy losses on many classes, and might for a time paralyse trade. The Secretary has it in his power, as we have said, to lodge a portion of the revenue in "depository" banks, and the banks may employ the money so lodged in the money market, and this the Secretary is proceeding to do. The Secretary also may pay beforehand the interest on the Debt, and he has just announced that he is prepared to do so. But, as we have just shown, the interest on the Debt now amounts to less than 8½ millions sterling per annum; so that, even if the whole amount were prepaid, it would not meet the requirements of the situation; while it is certain that only a part of it will be received, because receiving interest by anticipation implies that the coupon on the bonds must be cut off, and that thus the bond itself is rendered unmarketable. In all probability, then, no measure the Secretary can adopt would meet the necessities of the case but the purchase of bonds in the open market. The bonds, however, now outstanding, as we have already said, are at a high premium—50 millions sterling of them cannot be called in and redeemed at par until 1891, and the greater part of the rest cannot be called in and redeemed at par until 1907. It is reasonable to assume that, if the Secretary were to go into the market and bid for the bonds, the premium would instantly advance. People would say that the Government, to prevent a great crisis, must buy, and that, therefore, they were justified in asking an extravagant price. But it is doubtful whether the Secretary would feel himself justified in paying an extravagant price until the crisis actually occurred. To prevent a real panic it may be assumed that he would do whatever might be necessary; but, until the panic had come, he would shrink from exposing himself to the outcry that would be raised were he to pay the bondholders an extravagant price for their

bonds. Therefore he has taken the very wise precaution of inviting the principal bankers to a conference, with the object, no doubt, of assuring himself that, if he invites tenders for the sale of a limited amount of bonds every month, the bonds will be tendered and the price will not be extravagant. He has been able, of course, to explain to the bankers that he sincerely desires to do everything that is necessary to prevent serious losses to the business community; that he is willing therefore, though in three and a half or four years 50 millions of bonds can be paid off at par, to pay now a high premium for those bonds, but that, on the other hand, he can only do this if the holders of the bonds agree to assist him by showing reason and judgment in the way they act. Since he has invited tenders for the sale to him of Four-and-a-halfs, we may assume that he was met in a proper spirit. It is the interest of all who are possessed of property to prevent as far as they can a great crisis, which would certainly result in a very severe depreciation of all kinds of property. It may be assumed, therefore, that the Secretary and the bankers between them have arrived at some kind of arrangement by which the New York money market will be spared the severe trial to which otherwise it would be subjected. It will then remain for Congress when it meets next December to adopt some measure that will save the country from a serious disaster. The more statesmanlike course, no doubt, would be to reduce taxation at once so as to leave but a very small surplus of revenue. When in 1891 the Four-and-a-halfs fall due, it will be easy to convert them into Threes, or perhaps even into Two-and-a-halfs, and to provide for their redemption gradually. But seeing how strong the Protectionist party is, and how eager the desire is also for an immediate continuance of Debt redemption, it may be doubted whether this is the course that Congress will adopt. At any rate, we may hope that, by the measures now adopted, the crisis will be postponed until Congress meets, and that time enough will be afforded to that body to adopt some great measure that will relieve the United States from the constant fear of a monetary crisis in which people now live.

M. KATKOFF.

WHAT particularly strikes one in connexion with the exceptionally successful career of the late M. Katkoff is the strange fact that he was a journalist. "A journalist and in Russia!" one might have exclaimed in the distant days, the days of the Emperor Nicholas, when M. Katkoff first determined to become a writer for the press. "What did he want in those galleys, in that Siberia, to which under the Russian Government all journalism of the independent kind must necessarily lead?" There had been journalists in Russia before M. Katkoff's time; and, in a purely pecuniary point of view, successful ones. But no one respected them; for, in order to succeed, in order even to be tolerated, it was indispensable to praise every act of the Government. They were official scribes, and were despised accordingly. Indeed, two very notorious specimens of this class, Gretch and Bulgarin, who adorned the reign of Alexander I. and of Nicholas, are known even to the present day by the contemptuous epigrams which Pushkin directed against them, though not by any performances of their own. A public writer had, throughout the reign of Nicholas, to choose between speaking his mind, in which case he ran the risk of being treated as a criminal or (as happened in one case) as a lunatic, and suppressing his mind in order to utter on all subjects the views of the Government. The preliminary censorship might, one would think, have saved a journalist bent on combining honesty with prudence from falling into serious danger. But, if the censors found habitually much to object to in the writings of any particular journalist, they objected to the man himself; and he was simply warned to write no more.

Such, at least, was the experience of M. Alexander Herzen, who, in the early days of Alexander II.'s reign, was the most influential of all Russian journalists, though he issued his journal, not from any Russian city, but from London, after he had (some years before) been given to understand that nothing he wrote would ever again receive the Russian *imprimatur*. It is just possible that, if this trenchant and powerful writer had first taken up the pen (as M. Katkoff virtually did) under the reign of Alexander II., when the censorship, without being abolished, had been very much relaxed, so that expression could be given in the press to any opinion not absolutely revolutionary; it is just possible that he might then have remained and worked to good effect in Russia. He in any case may be regarded as the type of the opposition journalist, who in Nicholas's time had only to choose between final banishment and voluntary exile. This was not by any means a part to suit M. Katkoff, who had no wish to go into exile, and who could render far greater services to his country by remaining at home. The difficulty, then, which he had to deal with was that of writing so as not to offend the Government, while at the same time expressing freely his own convictions. This was a line which no journalist in Russia had previously been able to follow out, and under the Emperor Nicholas M. Katkoff would inevitably have lost either his honourable independence or his personal liberty. He must have felt this to be the case when, after a brief experiment with the *Moscow Gazette* under the tyrannical rule of the Emperor Nicholas, he dropped it like the proverbial hot potato, without having made himself remarked in any way. He had received a warning as to what

might possibly await him under the government of this unreasonable, not to say irrational, prince, when in 1849 the professorships of philosophy were suddenly suppressed by his orders at all the Russian Universities. At the University of Moscow the prescribed professorship was held by M. Katkoff; and, on being deprived of it, he may well have thought that, as a thinker and as a writer, the future was closed to him. It must be poor work editing a newspaper under the reign of a sovereign who tolerates no discussion; and M. Katkoff did not, in the first instance, carry on for any length of time the journal belonging to the Moscow University; of which, however, he was to resume the direction some years afterwards, then to maintain it until the end of his life.

A Russian writer who feared the censorship could always take refuge in pure literature—a domain by no means free from the persecution of the inquisitors, but much more so, from the nature of the case, than journalism; and M. Katkoff's first important enterprise in connexion with the periodical press was the production of the *Russian Messenger*; a review or magazine of a pattern already well known in Russia, consisting in a great measure of translations from the reviews and magazines of England, and from the leading authors of England, France, and Germany. At least half of any one of these large fortnightly miscellanies consists of original matter; and M. Katkoff published in his *Messenger* novels by Turguéneff and Tolstoi, besides (what was more important as a sign of the times) papers on the condition of the Russian peasantry, and some admirable satirical articles—terribly severe and at the same time very amusing—on the iniquities of Russian officials. It was not, however, until he returned to the *Moscow Gazette*, while continuing to direct the *Russian Messenger*, that M. Katkoff became a European celebrity. It has already been set forth in a dozen newspapers that he first excited the enthusiasm of Russian readers by resisting with all his energy the interference of the Western Powers in the affairs of Poland during the insurrection of 1863. He had now found the true tone in which to address the public; and, in all the questions that afterwards arose between Russia and foreign countries, he not only supported his own Government in a thoroughly national spirit, but on some occasions went, to an almost inconvenient degree, beyond it.

ON THE WATCH.

(With apologies to a correspondent of MR. PUNCH.)

'ERE, Bill! you may 'ave it! I'm glad of the 'umbuggin' thing to be rid;
Take and give it the missis, or spout it, or keep it to quiet the kid.
To bring home sech a duffer as this as the honly contents of the sack
Is a blessed poor show, I'm aweer, for a journey to Glasgow and back.
I prigged it, yer know, in the crowd as was emptyin' out of the 'All,
Off a cove in a dark suit of togs, middle-aged, neither stumpy nor tall;
And a jolly tough job it turned out! for be'anged if, however I tried
(And I ain't a bad 'and, as yer know, Bill) to get to the beggar's blind side,
I could manage to sneak up be'ind 'im; I tell yer, without any joke,
He appeared to be facin' me both ways, did thisher extr'or'nary bloke.
How'sever, I did it at last, Bill; but there! what a ticker to bag!
Why, a boy as 'ad faked his fust wipe would be downright ashamed of sech swag.
Eh! Wadderyer say? Don't it go? Ho, yes! my right hon-nerble friend,
It's go, and go over the left; it's go with a hook at the end.
It's go-as-you-please with this turnip, and wot's more, it's stop when you like,
And though the blank thing's a repeater, Lord knows what it's goin' to strike.
A repeater as really repeats—that's the chap as I thought I had got;
But thisher chronom. is a fraud, and strikes different as often as not.
While as to its chimin' the quarters—or leastways the quarter wot's past—
I'm blowed if I think it could tell yer wot quarter it pointed to last.
Well, I showed it to Jimmy the Jumper—you know—as was onst in the trade,
Ar! 'e knows a watch wen he sees it, my boy! 'e's as sharp as they're made;
And Jimmy declared as 'e know'd it; his guv'nor 'ad 'ad it to clean;
And 'e ses it's Sir George Whatdyercallhim's—the cove as has "gone for the green."
Trevelyan? Ar! 'im wot's come back and is cuddlin' the old 'an, 'cos why?
'E got him knocked off of his perch down at 'Awick last year in July.

Ses Jimmy, he ses:—"It's like this; it ain't no bloomin' wonder," ses he,
"That the hours and the minutes don't seem with the ticker you've copped to agree;
For the gent as you prigged it off, Hartful, has, so his old pals seem to say,
Been pretty well put to it lately to know wot's 'the time o' the day;
His own reggulator's all wrong, I was told by a party as knew,
And his works, though they're pretty enough—well, they don't somehow make him go true;
While the 'ands wot were firm as the pointer that stiff on the sundial sits
Are a wav'rin' on this side and that, like the sails of a windmill in fits.
Sir George ses 'the case' has been altered; yet nobody sees it but 'im;
It's the back I should think is more likely amiss, if you asks me," ses Jim.
"And as to 'is watch," hadded Jimmy, "there isn't a doubt, as I sees,
That the thing's 'ad a shake—like its owner—and maybe a bit of a squeeze;
It's the pressure, pre'aps, of a table—why there! why o' course, I'll be bound,
He's got squeezed at that table that 'im and his pals has been settin' around."
Well, to cut Jimmy's tale a bit shorter, he said it's no go, and he swore
That neither the watch nor Sir George would be never no good any more,
And that them as 'ad any pretence to be knowin' in watches and men
Would be hactin' the fathead to trust either 'im or his ticker agen.
So take it and spout it, or swop it, or do wot yer likes with it, mate,
No more of that sort for your pardner. Give me your old family plate,
As yer know where to 'ave when yer got it, and doesn't turn out when it's tried.
Only solid and O. K. to look at, and worth next to nothin' inside.
Or if yer must go for a ticker, best visit the fobs of the gents
Who ain't quite so apt to be shook—with their watches—by public ovents.

REVIEWS.

HYDERABAD, KASHMIR, SIKKIM, AND NEPAL.*

THAT Sir Richard Temple's energy and versatility of disposition would not allow him to remain silent for long might have been anticipated. Those best acquainted with his career are tolerably certain that if judiciously silent in the House, he would be sure to be found presiding at a philanthropic meeting, presenting an elaborate budget to the School Board, writing a series of articles, or publishing a book. The volumes before us are not, however, the result of a recent holiday tour to the Land of the Midnight Sun or the defiles of the Caucasus. Sir R. Temple has found time to exhumate and possibly revise certain diaries and records of trips undertaken, in the intervals of business, some ten, twenty, and thirty years ago; and in preparing his narratives for the press he has been much aided by his son, who has discharged the duties of editor satisfactorily, drawing up introductory and connecting chapters, referring to standard or rare works, explaining the text, and preparing a glossary and an index. There are also some good maps; there is an excellent photograph of the late Salar Jung, and we have divers sketches and views of temples, bazaars, and mountain scenery. The outcome of this partnership is that those who like historical summaries can study the introductions to the diaries by the son, and those who prefer personal experiences may travel with the father to a Buddhist monastery, gaze on one or two of the finest panoramas that ever rewarded the perseverance of a mountaineer, and learn the ideas of native Princes and statesmen about diplomacy, progress, and government.

To the administrator and the student of Indian history the private diary of politics at the Court of the Nizam will offer the greatest attraction. It is just twenty years since Sir Richard, after giving a good start to the very backward and in more senses than one jungly and uncivilized tract known as the Central Provinces, was sent as Resident to Hyderabad. This post has been filled by many eminent members of the civil and military services—by the late Sir Henry Russell, long known as the *Crisis of the Times*; by Metcalfe; by General Hastings Fraser; by General Low; by Colonel Davidson, and by Sir George Yule. Nor has

* Journals kept in Hyderabad, Kashmir, Sikkim, and Nepal. By Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.C.L. (Oxon.), LL.D. Cantab., &c., formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Governor of Bombay, Author of "India in 1880" &c. Edited, with Introductions, by his son, Richard Carnac Temple, Captain Bengal Staff Corps, Joint Editor of the "Indian Antiquary," Conductor of the "Indian Notes and Queries," Author of the "Legends of the Panjab" &c. With Maps and Illustrations. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co. 1887.

Hyderabad failed to produce sundry native statesmen who displayed consummate ability and power, whether as Nizams or as Nizams' Ministers and Dewans. When the French were finally defeated in their espousal of the claims of more than one pretender, the Nizam of the day still continued under the influence of the celebrated M. Raymond. But with Raymond's death there was an end of any foreign ascendancy. Our influence became paramount. An enlightened and capable Minister known as Arastah Jah, but whose real name was Ghulam Sayid Khan, was unfortunately succeeded by a Hindu named Chandu Lall. Whatever may be said for the policy of promoting to high office natives not of the creed, family, or race of the reigning sovereign, it is tolerably certain that this Hindu Premier of a Mahomedan Principality brought the State to the very verge of bankruptcy and the lowest depth of political degradation. It took the best years of the Salar Jung's life and all the support that could be given him by some of the ablest of our Residents to repair the mischief entailed on prince and people by Chandu Lall's disastrous tenure of office. That native gentlemen who long after his death came to talk with Sir Richard should describe a departed member of a different religion to their own by all the bad names to be found in an Oriental vocabulary, would not surprise us and might be ascribed to national or personal dislike. But there is no getting over such facts as an empty exchequer, a mutinous soldiery, wasted resources, and untilled fields. Most of this was due to Chandu Lall, and much of it might have been prevented by a little straightforwardness and vigour.

It must not be imagined that Sir Richard Temple's diary will tickle a prurient fancy with tales of the Zenana. We are glad to say that we hear little or nothing of favourites, dancing-girls, and Begums, with their ornaments, dislikes, and rivalries. Nor are there any political disclosures to offend the living and cast aspersions on the dead. In this diary, written daily by a Resident who enjoyed the entire confidence of the Viceroy, Lord Lawrence, there are glimpses of native thought and feeling, proofs of the incapacity of Nawabs and Amirs for seeing facts as they are, amusing incidents of obstruction, caprice, and wilfulness, and, above all, evidences of the implicit trust that natives of all ranks still place in what Macaulay termed the "Yea, yea," and the "Nay, nay," of a British officer. This is better than all the *firmans* or deeds of *altungha* that were ever signed at Delhi. To some readers of the diary the dislike of the Nizam to one of the best and truest of Ministers will be no new revelation. The Nizam never treated the Salar Jung fairly. He was the sport of Madras Fakirs and he wished in the time of scarcity to issue edicts fixing the price of grain. The Nizam was about the last person in his own dominions to recognize the value of a railway; perhaps the one reform which in the eyes of natives and Englishmen combines the merits of both coercion and conciliation. It was with some difficulty that the Nizam consented to an extradition treaty for criminal refugees. That he should not appreciate even-handed justice and the equality of all classes before the law was quite to be expected. Most natives are very tolerant to those "racial distinctions" which Lord Ripon thought he could easily sweep away for ever. A far worse error on the Nizam's part was the obstruction to sanitary reforms. The diary several times mentions the enormous accumulations of filth in the city of Hyderabad, which could have been easily cleaned at a small expense and without offending any religious prejudice. But the Nizam was more ready to establish a system of forest conservancy than to deepen ditches and flush drains with water. Conversations and letters from the Resident on these and similar subjects, such as the improvement of the judicial and revenue administration, were varied by long morning rides to Secunderabad, Bolarum, and other places, where the active Resident inspected schools and barracks, distributed diplomas and rewards, made notes about sluices and embankments, commended the artillery practice of the native contingent, and generally did his best to get Maulavis and Talukdars, and the various district and village functionaries known as *Deshpandyas*, *Deshmukhs*, and *Patels*, to take an interest in their duties and the people. All this, too, was done without the exercise of a vexatious and impolitic supervision. Nor is the diary always occupied with the exposure of native fallacies. A Report of the Bombay Government, which will strike most readers as exquisitely absurd, was promptly negatived. The Governor and Council of that Presidency actually wished the Nizam to dismantle a certain fort at Raichur, because it was intended to build a railway station within musket shot of the walls. The Resident very properly told the Bombay Government to select a site out of musket range. The character of the late Minister, with whom the Resident seems to have got on very well, appears in this diary in a most favourable light. We doubt if any of our own statesmen of either party show to very much more advantage in the *Greville Memoirs*. But, then, in the opinion of some very competent judges, his Highness Mir Torab Ali, best known by his family title of the Salar Jung or the Leader in War, was one of the most clear-headed, vigorous, and high-minded Ministers ever called to advise a suspicious sovereign and to repair the neglect and maladministration of his predecessors.

From Hyderabad to Kashmir the change is striking. The first trip to this lovely country was undertaken in 1859 when the writer was still Commissioner of the Lahore division, and when he could enjoy a month's privilege leave without the shadow of an impending Blue Book or the necessity of collecting materials for a searching report. Sir Richard is no mean artist, and his chief employment in this tour was to observe lights and shadows, to transfer to paper his impressions of the rocks in their

varying tints, to note the relative heights of the finest peaks in the Himalayan Ranges, to describe storm clouds and fleecy vapours, and hills and plains "dappled," to use his own language, "with every contrast of gloom and shade, and tranquil repose, and gleaming light and glaring sunshine." To read this diary is to make us long for a sight of the Wular Lake, the City of Srinagar which, with its seven bridges, rivals Venice, the descent of the Jhelum in a comfortable boat, and the summit of the Pir Panjal, not the Pir Panjal Pass, as it is too often called by careless tourists. Kashmir has besides exquisite natural scenery, a variety of climates and of rainfall. In the outer range of hills there is much moisture and heat, and the natives dress pretty much as they do in the plains. In the Kashmir Valley there is a fair amount of rain, distributed over parts of the year and not crammed into the space of three or four months. To Ladakh, Gilgit, and Baltistan the clouds of the monsoon never reach. The "whole country is barren, and nothing grows without irrigation." Indeed, in some of these parts the inhabitants live mainly on chestnuts and apricots. The entrance to Kashmir from the plains is not fenced in by that feverish and swampy tract known on the borders of Rohilkund, Tirhut, and Purnea, as the *Terai*. Most sojourners in India think themselves lucky if they can accomplish one trip to Srinagar. Sir Richard compassed much in his month's privilege leave on the first occasion in June and July; but fourteen years afterwards he started in April, and found the rocks bare and the colours less magnificent in that early season. But lovely and treacherous lakes liable like Scotch lochs to sudden and violent gusts of wind, steep passes, heavy-laden foliage in chestnuts and plane-trees, clear streams, roaring torrents, and a magnificent amphitheatre of snowy peaks in the background, are not the only sights that detain the traveller who is not pressed for time. The whole country is dotted with architectural remains. The famous Tower of Martand, or the Sun, takes us back to the Hindu reign of Lalitaditya in the eighth century, and there are some fine legacies of Mahomedan supremacy of much later date. Some of the Emperors of Delhi loved Kashmir and its cool retreats quite as much as a hard-worked Viceroy loves Simla or Mahasoo. The wall of the Hari Parbat in the neighbourhood of Srinagar was built by Akbar at a cost, it is said, of more than a million of our money, and was once the prison-house of our unlucky protégé Shah Shuja-al-Mulk of Kabul. Akbar's son Jehangir began and Shah Jehan—the prince of architects—finished the Shalimar Gardens. Jehangir was also partial to the Padshahi Bagh at Gulmarg, or the flowery mead; and we see nothing highly improbable in a story which the author doubts, to the effect that this Emperor had a small boat on a stream that runs through the meadows there. If the stream had water enough to float a skiff, and an Emperor had a fancy for a row on it, twenty coolies taken out of any bazaar would very soon carry a bark three thousand feet, or a local carpenter might have constructed a pleasure-boat on the spot. It was at Vernag, the reputed source of the Vitasta, Hydaspes, or Jhelum river, that Jehangir wished to die, but he never in his last illness got further than Behramgul, which the author confidently pronounces to be "a lovely spot to die in." His corpse was carried back to Lahore, at the request of the famous Nur Jehan, and interred in the mausoleum at Shahdara. We are sorry to learn from Sir W. Hunter's Gazetteer that the marble dome over this tomb was removed by the fanatical Aurangzib, and that this building and some others have suffered from depredations in the days of the Sikhs. Shah Jehan added to the gardens and visited Kashmir four or five times; Aurangzib, in his long reign, never came often—at least so said a Kashmiri pandit with whom Sir Richard had a long talk about the glories of Mahomedan days. But it is quite certain that Bernier went from Delhi to Lahore and from Lahore to Kashmir in the train of Aurangzib in 1663, and that some nine letters to M. de Merveilles, written on the spot, are full of detailed accounts of what he calls "Le Paradis Terrestre." Captain Temple draws attention to a tablet of black marble on an island on the Brari Nambal Lake near Srinagar, on which were inscribed the names of all the travellers from Bernier down to Jacquemont and Wolff and the dates of their visits, spread over a century and a half. Whether the disappearance of this precious monument is owing to the neglect of Kashmir officials or to the ravages of irrepressible tourists Captain Temple does not tell us.

The journeys into Sikkim and Nepal, though not without interest, are not quite up to the Kashmirian level. One was undertaken when the author, we think, was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal; but as it only lasted ten days, made up of a few fine mornings, ending with rain, mist, and masses of ugly clouds, there was not much to be seen. On the second occasion twelve days were spent in marches, visiting Buddhist chapels and monasteries, and talking with priests, monks, and Lamas. These worthy people had no prejudices of caste; and the wife of a Tahsildar or collector of revenue, brought his wife with him, "a cheerful and elderly person, adorned with turquoises and rude gold ornaments." There is not much to be said of a short visit to Katmandhu; and it is not very easy to perceive what the Head of the Bengal Government had to do with an independent State, which transacts business with the Foreign Office, and of which the rulers and Ministers have always shown themselves very averse to English inquiry or inspection for any purpose—botanical, scientific, geological, or other. Still, Sir Richard Temple is one who can seize on salient points and get up new subjects with a marvellous rapidity. We should not send any sportsman to these volumes with the expectation

that he would find many hints about feathered or four-footed game. Once or twice Sir Richard amused himself in Kashmir with the exceeding tameness and voracity of some petted fish. In Sikkim he was struck by the absence of game and singing-birds, though he was startled by the cry of an Argus pheasant, and a specimen of the Sikkim pheasant was actually shot by one of his suite. In Kashmir he had an eye only for lovely scenery and picturesque ruins. But, though not a *shikari*, he has now given us two volumes which none but a scholar, an administrator, and a practised penman could have written.

THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

WITH those who love to read of adventurous travel, gallantly undertaken and graphically described, the cruise of Mr. Charles Kettlewell's famous yacht *Marchesa* will rank even higher as a classic than the pleasant journals kept by Lady Brassey on board the *Sunbeam*. If the hardy and enterprising owner and captain of the *Marchesa* had entrusted the narration of his widely-extended cruise to a less pleasing writer, or to one with less ample knowledge or with smaller power of observation than Dr. Guillemard, we should be disposed to regret that he had not been his own historiographer. His modesty has induced him to place the story in the hands of a friend for narration, whom he has apparently requested to suppress any mention of himself. The portrait of a hitherto unknown bird caught at Meimbun is labelled *Macronus Kettlewelli*, and a bay in Celebes, which had been unmarked in all previous charts, is christened Kettlewell Bay; but these are almost if not quite the only instances in which the intrepid yachtsman has sanctioned the mention of his name.

Of Dr. Guillemard's remarks on Japan we cannot give ourselves space to speak. They are shrewd and clever; but, as he himself seems to think, Mr. Mitford, Sir Edward Reed, and Miss Bird have told the world pretty well all that is worth telling about that curious Empire and its people. It is in Kamschatka that the author finds most unbroken ground for his explorations as a sportsman and a naturalist, and for sketches of strange customs and characters with which to delight his readers. On the 13th of August, 1882, the *Marchesa*, which had left the port of Hakodadi on the 4th, entered the harbour of Avatcha Bay. Dr. Guillemard is of opinion that Avatcha is almost, if not quite, the finest harbour in the world. "Rio and Sydaey," he writes, "have no mean claims for this honour, but those of us who had seen both were unanimous in awarding the palm to their Kamschatkan rival." We wish that we could find room for his eloquent and poetical description of its beauties. The bay is as kind as it is lovely:—

Nature here at least has treated the mariner right royally. The iron-bound coast without may be as bad a lee shore as any skipper need wish to see, and the Pacific Ocean may too often belie its name, but here he can rest quietly and sleep *sur les deux oreilles* until such time as he weighs anchor for the homeward voyage.

Musing on the beauties of this lovely spot, the writer speaks words which will commend themselves as words of wisdom to those who have wearied of the fierce beauty and aggressive garishness of the tropical foliage, and whose souls have sickened under gorgeous skies for a flying cloud, however dark, that would give soul to their hard, expressionless features and feeling to their haughty, unsympathetic stare:—

What is it that influences us so deeply in the sight of these eternal snows? In what lies the wondrous charm that we experience only in the regions of the North? After many years of travel I think there is one scene which has perhaps remained more vividly stamped upon my memory than any other—a placid river in Northern Lapland, down whose stream I floated, drinking in the perfect beauties of the changing autumn. Amid all the mass of scarlet and gold that hung above the mirror-like surface of the water not a single leaf was stirring, not a sound was to be heard. Before us lay the peaks of dazzling snow, and it seemed as though all nature were hushed and worshipping at that throne of spotless purity. Rest and purity, then—the unattainable, in other words—in these lie the charm. The fairest tropic scene holds no deeper meanings such as these. Beauty of form there is—a far greater beauty perhaps than that of northern climes—but, after all, it is but soulless. The teeming life of a tropic forest, the marvellous wealth of vegetation, the reckless sacrifice of the weakest, produce upon the mind the same effect as do the streets of a crowded city. No grandeur of "calm decay," no pathos of the changing season is here. It is a fierce struggle for existence, fatal to any except the most purely material thought.

It is impossible to follow Dr. Guillemard's steps very closely in his journeyings in Kamschatka, or to do more than note with the highest commendation his interesting and valuable contributions to the natural history of that little-known region. Among the many exquisite drawings with which this book is illustrated, there is a little sketch of the harbour of Petropaulovsky. It is a curious instance of the well-worn axiom that no history is so little known to us as that of the events which occurred just before our own time to a scholar and a man of the

world like Dr. Guillemard should never, until he visited the scene of the disaster, have heard of the repulse of the French and English on Petropaulovsky in the autumn of 1854—a disaster which is still fresh in the memory of middle-aged Englishmen and Frenchmen, who cannot forget the blush of shame with which they heard how seven hundred English and French sailors and marines were ignominiously routed by a handful of Cossacks. It would be pleasanter perhaps to forget such rare and disgraceful episodes in our naval warfare; but it is wholesome to look them steadily in the face and to learn wisdom from their warning. While the *Marchesa* was lying in Kamschatkan waters a monument in memory of the men who fell in this unhappy engagement was consecrated by the chaplain of a Russian man-of-war; "but when the captain of the *Vestnik*, in deference to the presence of some of the yacht's party, desired that the Pope would perform the same ceremony over the graves of the English and French as he had performed over those of his own countrymen, the priest utterly declined. The Russian officers were much annoyed at this act of discourtesy, and came on board to apologize for their countryman, whom they described as being only an ignorant peasant." This incident will recall to many travellers in strange waters the expressions of shame and contempt with which Russian naval officers are sometimes driven to speak of the chaplains on board their ships, whose manners and conduct are often such as prevents their introduction into decent society.

Dr. Guillemard gives an excellent account of his visit to the seal "rookeries." Seals, it seems, thrive better on a pebbly shore than on a sandy beach. The sand is apt to get into their eyes, and they are frequently afflicted with ophthalmia. The walrus, according to our author, is but a poor kind of quarry.

In order to afford sport [he says] an animal should either fight or run away. The poor walrus does neither—at least, to any purpose—and, having once killed one, no sportsman would care to repeat the performance.

Misky, the *Marchesa's* pet bear, was a most amusing person; "but though a great favourite with every one, he was perhaps not altogether a source of unmixed pleasure to us." After amusingly describing some of his waggish tricks, Dr. Guillemard says:—

He was apparently almost indifferent to pain. A smell of burning one day being discovered forward, one of the crew found Misky standing upright on the top of a nearly red-hot stove, engaged in stealing cabbages from a shelf above. He was growling in an undertone, and standing first on one leg and then on another; but he nevertheless went on slowly eating, heedless of the fact that the soles of his feet were burnt entirely raw. He got more mischievous as he grew older, and, after having devoured portions of the cabin skylight and of a man's thumb, and finished by drinking the oil out of the binnacle lamp, he was shipped to England, and found a home in the Zoological Gardens.

There was a mongoose on board, "into whom," says Dr. Guillemard, "seven devils at least had entered." The delight of his life was to draw Misky, whom he would approach noiselessly, by a nip severely on the foot, while Bruin was rolling his unwieldy body on the deck. Misky's huge paw would come down on the boards with a terrible thud, but he might as well have tried to catch a mosquito. One day the little pickle was missed. What had befallen him? No one knew. Perhaps Misky had caught him asleep and made a meal of him.

The description of a Kamschatkan ball is, like the fishy odour imputed by the author to the ladies who graced it, racy, but rather strong. In one stage of the country dance the order was given to "kiss partners." "I turned a despairing glance on my partner, and my heart sank within me. All hope was gone." We will not transcribe the rest.

Like most travellers, Dr. Guillemard is profoundly struck by the rapid "go-a-headness" of the Chinese. "From a clerk he speedily grows into a merchant, and ceases to pare his finger-nails. He clothes himself in purple and fine linen, takes a handsome mansion, sets up a small but select harem, and lays in a stock of the best brands of champagne. The natives of the lands he settles in are but children in his hands."

The stay of the *Marchesa* at Celebes was pregnant with food for a naturalist and an artist; but we can only glance at one amusing anecdote. The Government had offered two dollars head-money for every crocodile killed. Mr. X claimed and received so many dollars on this account that curiosity was aroused and his estate visited by the authorities. It was found that he had staked in a small reach of river, and that his "stock of saurians was nearly as profitable as an American cattle rancho appears to be in a prospectus."

The chapters on New Guinea possess special interest, and they are lavishly and beautifully illustrated with pictures of men and women, as well as delicately-drawn portraits of strange birds and bright landscapes. In justice to natives of countries accused of worshipping stocks and stones as idols we quote a very sensible remark made by Dr. Guillemard:—

The rarity of idols—I use the word in its English and not in its classical meaning—must strike every one who has been brought much in contact with savage tribes. In almost every case the images are merely representations of the deity worshipped, like our own crucifixes, and are not supposed in themselves to be possessed of any supernatural power.

These volumes possess in perfection the great desideratum in a book of travels—a generous provision of trustworthy and admirably-drawn maps.

Dr. Bell's "Gleanings" are those of a kindly, scholarly Evangelical clergyman and gentleman of the old school, who thinks it no shame to quote from the *Arabian Nights*, from Horace, and

* *The Cruise of the "Marchesa" to Kamschatka; with Notices of Formosa, Liu-Kiu, and various Islands of the Malay Archipelago.* By F. H. H. Guillemard, M.A., M.D., &c. With Maps and numerous Woodcuts. 2 vols. London: John Murray.

Gleanings from a Tour in Palestine and the East. By the Rev. Charles D. Bell, D.D., Honorary Canon of Carlisle, Rector of Cheltenham, and Author of "Our Daily Life" &c. With Maps and 12 Illustrations. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

In Foreign Byways: a Rhapsody of Travel. By James Chapman Woods. London: D. Nutt.

even from Lord Byron. He disclaims all pretension to originality in his observations on a sacred and well-trodden land. He is surprised that other travellers have returned home with the ideal they had formed of Palestine rudely broken. "To me," he says, "the land is not less, but more; and, if I might apply with reverence the words to myself, I would say, 'Blessed are the eyes that have seen the things that ye have seen.'" The amiable and reverent tone in which the Rector of Cheltenham writes of his trip, which was almost uniformly pleasant—for the very few mishaps he encountered only gave zest to enjoyment—will be kindly appreciated by all readers. His friends and parishioners will smile at his little joke of Mrs. Valpy sitting on her bed, "as I said at the time, like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage," and at his fellow-passenger Sir Wilfrid Lawson's witty reproof to the lady who offered him some Condy's Fluid which had been put into a bottle reeking with the smell of some unsavoury cosmetic. Only a very captious critic would have the heart to say that the gentle suavity of Dr. Bell's style resembles in any way what is called twaddle.

Donors of puzzle prizes would put a good stiff poser to their subscribers if they invited them to compete in giving a satisfactory answer to the question why Mr. James Chapman Woods should have bestowed on his book, *In Foreign Byeways*, the alternative title of "A Rhapsody of Travel." We have seldom read a book which runs on a more dead level of commonplace. Of fancy, of humour, or of imagination there is about as much or as little as in the oratory of the late Mr. Joseph Hume. There are several pages of dreary jocosity about the indigestibility of the honey-cakes made at Dinant. At Treves Mr. Woods observes that "black-hooded crows—men call them monks—flap about the streets," and facetious remarks are made about the uniform pattern of the noses of the soldiery in the garrison. At Gerolstein we are told that a grumpy forester's wife was a witch, and that when she was asked a question "she and an adjacent broomstick had vanished." In a preface to this volume the author, in professing just and enthusiastic admiration for the "delightful prose" of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, to whom he "frankly owns that, so far as he is able, he follows suit," is careful to guard himself against charge of undue plagiarism. "I would," he says, "bag only my own birds." Mr. Woods may set his mind at ease. Not a word or sentiment in his "Rhapsody of Travel" will remind the reader of any word or sentiment in *Treasure Island*, and not a feather in Mr. Woods's bag is likely to be claimed by Mr. Stevenson as the spoil of his own gun.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

THE Christian Platonists of Alexandria is the title of Dr. Bigg's Bampton Lectures. No more fertile centre of thought could have been selected, for Alexandria was the natural meeting-point of East and West. Jew and Greek met there, and it was in the mind of the Jew that Eastern tradition and revelation were first blended in fruitful union with Greek philosophy. And the

* *The Christian Platonists of Alexandria.* The Bampton Lectures for 1886. By Charles Bigg, D.D., formerly Senior Student of Christ Church. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Kernel and the Husk: Letters on Spiritual Christianity. By the Author of "Philochristus" and "Onesimus." London: Macmillan & Co.

Daniel: an Exposition. By the Very Rev. R. Payne Smith, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Nisbet & Co.

Meditations upon the Liturgical Gospels. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Norwich. London: Rivingtons.

Ireland and the Celtic Church. By George T. Stokes, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Trinity College, Dublin. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Bishops in the Tower. By Herbert Mortimer Luckock, D.D., Canon of Ely. London: Rivingtons.

St. Augustine: an Historical Study. By a Priest of the Congregation of the Mission. Dublin: Gill & Son.

Man's Knowledge of Man and of God. By Richards Travers Smith, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

Sermons. Second Series. By the Rev. John Ker, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

The Gospel and Philosophy: Six Lent Lectures. By Morgan Dix, S.T.D., D.C.L., Rector of Trinity Church. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

Christian Classic Series—Cur Deus Homo? By Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury. Translated by Edward S. Prout, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

Sermons for the People—Advent and Christmastide. By Various Contributors. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Christian Marriage. By the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Abraham; his Life and Times. By the Rev. William J. Deane, Rector of Ashen, Essex. London: Nisbet & Co.

Applied Christianity—Moral Aspects of Social Questions. By Washington Gladden, Author of "The Lord's Prayer" &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

Birth and Growth of Religion—To Young Workers. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Links of Loving-kindness. By the Rev. George Everard, M.A., Author of "Your Sundays," "Beneath the Cross," &c. London: Nisbet & Co.

Outside the Pulpit. By the Hon. Frederica Plunket, Author of "Here and There among the Alps" &c. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Clouds Cleared. By the Rev. George Smith Bird, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

period of Church history is as interesting as the locality where its history was made. For it was the period (if not yet of the crystallization of dogma) when sentiment was beginning to take shape as doctrine; and, if implicit belief was not yet expressed in technical formularies, it was made explicit in the authoritative statements of the leaders of thought. Philo is commonly regarded as representing the union of Jewish religion and Greek philosophy; but there was a Hellenizing party before him which managed to read Moses into Plato, and to find in the Septuagint all the best sayings of the Greek philosophers. Even the doctrine of the Logos had advanced to the front before Philo was recognized as head of the Hellenist school. Of the most distinctly visible names connected with the period, it is needless to say that Origen and Clement are far the most distinguished; and, measured by their permanent influence on Christian belief, it is hardly possible to doubt that Origen is the greater of the two, as the large horizon of his mind and the poetic intrepidity of his nature seem to make him the especial favourite of the author. Of the many impressions which this book creates and leaves behind, none is more remarkable than the affinity which it exhibits between the questions which interested and agitated Alexandria in the third century and the burning subjects of the religious thought of to-day. Dr. Bigg's especial object is to show the reciprocal action of eclectic Alexandrine Platonism and Christianity; how Platonism borrowed light from the Gospel; how Christianity was affected, mainly as regards the doctrine of the Trinity, by the school of Plato; and to estimate the permanent value to the Church of the contribution of the Alexandrine Platonists. He has done this in a volume conspicuous even among learned "Bampton" for wide range of reading and accuracy of scholarship, in an enviable spirit of moderation and sympathy, and in simple, lucid, and forcible English.

The Kernel and the Husk is a remarkable book—remarkable not only for the literary ability and the logical power with which it is written, but, being what it is, for its enthusiasm for Christianity, for its devout and reverent spirit, for its loyalty to the person of Christ, for its zeal for the highest good of men. Yet it denies the miraculous element both in the Old and the New Testaments. This will probably be enough to make many readers condemn it as a merely negative book. No greater mistake could be made about it. The author's design, announced at the first and evident throughout, is to construct a spiritual Christianity; if in the process some traditional accretions perish, it is in order that the central figure of his faith may stand forth in the grandeur and proportions of His spiritual beauty. He has nothing to say to those who, without doubt or difficulty, can accept a miraculous Christ, and he begs them not to read what he has written; but to all who are drawn to Christ by love or reverence, but are repelled by the miracles with which the story of His life seems inextricably connected, to "the doubters of this age and the believers of the next," the author submits conclusions to which he has himself been driven, not by literary or logical necessity, but by the experience of life, and in which he has found peace and hope and joy. His argument rests on a thesis that Christianity as it becomes more natural will become more spiritual. If by nature is meant the whole economy of being, and if the whole is governed by Divine law, then the naturalness of a process is a sign of its spiritual character and origin, and a revelation of the Author of all being would be more likely to be marked by conformity to law than by violation of it.

Dean Payne Smith's *Daniel: an Exposition* covers only the first six chapters, and so does not touch upon the real difficulties of the book. It is a collection of papers which appeared in the *Homiletic Magazine*, and, being intended for unlearned readers of the Bible, makes no claim to originality or research—in fact, consists of little but paraphrase and homily, if we except such information as can be gained from Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. But it may have its interest and use to those who know nothing of the connexion of Jewish with other history and are not soon wearied with overmuch "improving" of the subject.

We noticed Dean Goulburn's *Meditations upon the Liturgical Gospels* for the Sundays a year or two ago, and he has followed them with a second series on the minor festivals of the Church. The reflections in this as in the previous volume are not remarkable for originality; they are refined and well written, but obvious; and the chief attraction of the book is rather its critical than its hortatory portion. What will be read with most interest, no doubt, is the sketch of the history, meaning, and formation of the English calendar which he has prefixed to the *Meditations*, because here his reading and scholarship have scope, and the leisure of a deanery has enabled him to present in a compact and readable form the results of research on an antiquarian and interesting subject to those who have neither time nor opportunity for studying it for themselves.

In a volume of moderate size Dr. Stokes gives an interesting sketch of *Ireland and the Celtic Church* from the accepted date of St. Patrick to the English conquest in 1172. Nothing could be better timed than the publication just now of any contribution to the history of a country of which Englishmen, as a rule, are more ignorant than of any other nation in Europe. For Dr. Stokes, though he writes from an ecclesiastical point of view as his office requires, is not unmindful of the political annals of his countrymen; and his chapter on the social life of Ireland in the eighth century, while it sheds much light on the condition of Ireland to-day, is, in turn, made easier to understand by contemporary feelings and tendencies—the survivals of extinct institutions,

The old tribal formation, the characteristic of Celtic races from Galatia to the Atlantic, with its sense of unity symbolized and preserved by its headquarters at Tara, and its bitter feuds, has its counterpart in the separateness of Ulster, and in the less honourable tendency of the chiefs of defeated factions to prefer faction to country. But the personal and antiquarian features of the time will be most attractive to the generality of readers. The heroic career of St. Patrick, in which history fights a losing battle with myth and legend (though the correspondence of the Saint's legendary journeys with the natural thoroughfares of the country is a strong presumption of historical basis); the missionary enterprise of Columba, which, though it began within a half-century of St. Patrick, compared with his work shines in the daylight of history; the origin and structure and purpose of the Round Towers; the conquests and the reign of Brian Boru, are set before the reader with a nice discrimination of truth and fable; and the general impression about them will be that there is an unsuspected proportion of truth in early Irish history. This is a very creditable book, the product of much study, presented in a form which will carry on the reader for amusement and not offend the historical student. There are one or two small errors of the press, which no doubt the careful writer will correct for his next edition.

The Bishops in the Tower is the convenient but somewhat fanciful title of the records of the religious life of England from the Restoration to the Revolution. There is, of course, nothing in them that is not to be found in all lay histories of the period, but they have their use, nevertheless, and will help to clear some minds by their precise statement of facts.

The plea put forward by "A Priest" for adding another to the many biographies of *St. Augustine* and the special merit claimed for his volume are, that he has lived for two years in the neighbourhood of Hippo, and has made himself familiar not only with the country, but with "all those circumstances and surroundings which reveal the whole man." He describes himself as a "Priest of the Congregation of the Mission—a Pilgrim to Hippo," and he writes distinctly from the point of view of a Roman ecclesiastic. Although this memoir cannot compare in breadth of treatment with a volume on the same subject recently noticed in these columns, it supplies many aids to the imagination in realizing the great Bishop in the shape of personal details, topography, and contemporary history. The writer has saved himself the trouble of tracing the formation of his hero's character by filling more than a quarter of his pages with extracts from the *Confessions*, and though he says Augustine was a great philosopher, he does not attempt any estimate of his philosophy. His works, indeed, as a whole, are handled rather in the spirit of the Confessor than of the historian, rather as aids to devotion and conduct than as shaping creed and policy and giving rise to religious movements in the Church in succeeding ages. Yet it was this lasting influence on thought which marked the greatness of the man.

In the Donnellan Lectures delivered before the University of Dublin by Dr. Travers Smith, and published under the title of *Man's Knowledge of Man and of God*, his argument is that we know God in the same way that we know man. He endeavours to "underpin" Butler by establishing an overwhelming presumption of the being of God by deductions from man's self-consciousness. Butler assumes the existence of a personal God, but another analogy may be found between belief in a personal man and in a personal God which seems to make the latter an inevitable inference from the former. Dr. Smith spends perhaps more time than was necessary in attempting to locate or define the "Ego," and in showing that it is not this and that, but few will read any of his clear expositions couched in an admirably philosophic style without pleasure. It is, of course, a mystery, and the sense of it in ourselves is deepened by realizing its existence in others. We cannot expect that God's being should be divested of it when our own is so full of it; it would be a more hopeless mystery still that a self-conscious being should "hang in the air" and not proceed from a self-conscious cause, than that the cause should be incomprehensible. The human mind is, however, not left to inference, but God is revealed in men and to them, and is presented to them in the most perfect form in the Catholic faith because, among other reasons, of its insistence on that personality, the sense of which is man's *organon* for rising to belief in God. This is only the barest indication of an argument which, in spite of its logical precision, is full of human interest, is enriched by a full knowledge of the literature of the subject, and gathers its illustrations from the most deep-rooted instincts and relations of human nature. The line of argument which it follows is as yet so little hackneyed in English philosophy as to make it a distinct addition to the apologetics of belief.

This second series of Dr. Ker's *Sermons* is a posthumous publication, and they are a not unworthy memorial of a man who was evidently an instructive and forcible preacher. In language often fervid, but never florid, and entirely free from mannerism or provincialism, he has a power of impressing the constant inferences from the Gospel with a very versatile power of application. He is as far as possible from being a man of one idea in his preaching; he casts his net far and wide for his topics, and handles them as if he were too much in earnest to know there were any schisms in Christendom, or anything for him to do but to improve the lives of his hearers. One feature of the volume gives it an individuality and freshness of its own—namely, the way in which the author brings out into daylight some of the obscurer characters of Scrip-

ture, such as Barzillai the Gileadite, Hadad the Edomite, and the Syrophenician woman.

In *The Gospel and Philosophy* Dr. Dix states his conviction that, in order to meet the proposal to readjust the Christian religion to the moral and social tendencies of the day, we ought rather to insist anew on Church institutions and the Sacramental system, not only as the one power in the world capable of resisting Rationalism, but as the one true representation of the mission of the Redeemer, than offer or accept any compromise. Readers who share the strong bias of the preacher will welcome his somewhat declamatory attack on every one who does not agree with him; but more cautious Churchmen may hesitate at some of his conclusions, and doubt the expediency of tactics which look more like defiance than defence.

Uninstructed readers of the *Cur Deus Homo?* are often surprised to find how much of popular Protestantism there is in the thoughts of the mediæval Catholic; it seems as if Anselm supplemented by Luther—that is, Anselm's forensic view of the Atonement completed by Luther's doctrine of faith as a mode of appropriating its benefits—was popular Protestantism; and there is some truth in this rough-and-ready inference. For the *Cur Deus Homo?* does not cover the ground it claims; it does not profess to give all the reasons. It is written by a man under the influences of previous theological thought; by one convinced that previous views were partial views or false views, who burned to bring into prominence the central truth about the object of the great Sacrifice and the Person to whom it was offered. Other reasons for the Incarnation had employed and pleased Oriental minds which seemed to him to overshadow the pre-eminent one, and these suffer undue neglect in his treatise, though it is interesting to note that they are appearing again in our own day, and suggesting possibilities of "thoughts and ways" different from Luther's or Anselm's. Mr. Prout, in his brief but sufficient Introduction, notes the effect of Scholasticism in some of the Archbishop's conceits, such as the redemption of the Fallen Angels, and points to the conflict in him between the traditional inductive process of reasoning and the high *a priori* method which seems to have been his instinct, and which certainly finds its counterpart in many of those who have adopted his answer to the question of the title of his work. The translation is well done—an idiomatic English version might have been easier to understand, but it would not have been Anselm.

Sermons for the People for Advent and Christmas, by many hands, forms one of those volumes to which it is difficult to do justice in a short notice. The contributions of course differ in quality as the writers differ, and in this case the difference is considerable between two of Dean Church's refined and convincing sermons on Christmas and those of one or two other contributors whom we will not name. But they have all, more or less, the merit of being popular as they profess to be, and may be useful to the clergy on the occasion of the sometimes embarrassing recurrence of Church festivals.

The Rev. William Humphrey, S.J., takes the highest Papal ground in his short treatise on *Christian Marriage*. Based on the primeval union of the first pair, who "themselves spiritually alive were the parents of the spiritually dead," it is the germ and basis of society, unity and indissolubility are essential to the idea of it, the family created by it is a moral whole, it is a Sacrament ordained by Christ (hence no unbaptized persons can receive the grace of matrimony, though they may make a valid contract), all matrimonial causes belong to the tribunal of the "Catholic and Roman Church," and it is "of faith" to believe that the same Church has power to constitute impediments which shall be antecedently subversive of the marriage tie.

Abraham; his Life and Times is Mr. Deane's contribution to the "Men of the Bible" series, and it is in some respects to be regretted that he has thought it necessary to conform so far to the plan of the series as he has done in this volume. The result has been that he has overloaded it with inferences, doctrinal and hortatory, has transferred complex religious ideas and feelings of a later date to those simple times, and found types everywhere. Otherwise he has done his work well, and though he rejects the views of Ewald, he has studied and used the other authorities from Josephus to Mr. Sayce on the history, topography, and antiquities of the time, and has welded the whole into a narrative which will give a good deal of new and interesting information to the unlearned reader, and would have been much shorter and more effectual for the purpose for which it is professedly written if it had been confined to the portrayal of the great patriarch and his surroundings. The very use of such biographies is to enable Bible readers to see that Scripture "characters" are men and women like themselves.

Mr. Washington Gladden, an American clergyman and the author of *Applied Christianity*, is bewildered and oppressed, as many thoughtful men are, by the conflict of Christianity and competition. Wealth is increasing, but the producers of it are worse off than they were; population is increasing, but not at the rate wealth is; the rich are richer and the poor are relatively poorer, and the gulf between the two classes is growing deeper and wider. The cause of all this is the belief that people have been brought up in, that labour is a commodity and must obey Ricardo's "iron law" of supply and demand, but this is only a statement of what is, not of what ought to be. The remedy for it is to admit labour to a share of the profits of capital; and the duty of the Church is to tell the capitalists that Christianity means treating their "hands" as if they were souls and hearts,

and not merely coming to church (as they do) and by charitable doles plastering over the social sores they have made. It is easy to understand why workmen will not go to church when they see churches filled with the men whom they regard as the robbers and oppressors of the poor. Mr. Gladden is altogether very low about his country; millionaires gamble in "margins" of profit on the necessities of life; marriages are decreasing in proportion to population; divorces are increasing in proportion to marriages; drink and immorality are undermining social life; popular amusements supply a corrupting stimulant to an exhausted people. Christianity has a message to deliver against all these evils and a work to do in counteracting them, and its force is not spent yet. There is nothing particularly new in his book; but it is worth reading for the way in which it puts familiar truths. It would be a good thing if more clergymen would apply their Christian teaching in the same way.

The Birth and Growth of Religion, recognizing the revolt of reason against superstition, is an attempt to rally reason to the side of religion by the evidence of facts. Beyond the dawn of history there is proof of a belief in the unseen, in the life to come, and in the connexion between goodness and joy. Science, which is supposed to be the death of religion, is instead its handmaid; and all the objections it can raise against religion are light as air compared with the pleas that historical science can advance in its favour. To trace the crudest and earliest ideas till they culminate in the highest conception of a God is to seek after absolute truth; to conform himself to it is the business and the bliss of man. The Christ-idea is the highest yet imagined, and it "was the living principle of the life of Jesus." The history of beliefs and of objects of worship occupies, of course, the greater part of the volume; but there is no lack of inferences as to thought and conduct. The antiquity and universality of symbols and rites supposed to be exclusively Christian are not without their lesson; pain and death are no reasons for doubting the kindness of God, who is the soul of goodness in things evil; and the experience of life confirms the teaching of the instinctive imaginings of men about a perfect ruler and guide. This is an unpretending little book to look at, low in price and simple in style; but it is written with the ease that comes of abundance of knowledge, and with the simplicity of style that only practice can give, and in a large and human spirit as attractive to the thinkers of the world as to the "young workers" whom the author is trying to teach that they are not shut up to the alternatives of blind faith or blank denial.

Links of Loving-kindness is the title of a volume of sermons quite ordinary both in style and thought. Hundreds, if not thousands, as good must be preached every Sunday.

When a volume is published as an affectionate memorial of a life of devoted service, it is a bar to criticism; but the Hon. Frederica Plunket's sermons *Outside the Pulpit* want no such defence; they are full of sensible advice and plain speaking, and are inspired with Christian zeal.

Clouds Cleared is the rather pretentious title of a volume of sermons, with a preface to match. But the clouds dispelled are (to use the author's metaphor) only the mists that a little thought and reading would clear away, not the black masses which oppress every heart with a sense of its ignorance about questions of infinite human interest. The parables of Dives and Lazarus and of the sheep and the goats suggest such questions, but they are not answered; and sketches of the situation, surroundings, and *motif* of their utterance, however terse and true (and some of these are terse and true), hardly justify a title which promises so much more. The author rightly insists on the importance of the framing and context as a condition of just exegesis; but why does he neglect the light of various readings? It might have affected his interpretation of St. Luke xvi. 9 to have seen that there was a better reading than *ὅταν ἐκλίνῃς*.

NOVELS.*

EACH of the three novels classed together in this article is written by a lady, and in each of them we are asked, with varying success, to believe in the reformation of a vicious woman. But in every other respect the books are widely different. One of them is dull and vulgar; another certainly is not dull; the other is tender and truthful.

Thelma, by Marie Corelli, is one of the few books in a season which gladden the reviewer's heart. He can read it without taking notes, because it makes a definite and permanent impression on his mind. His fear is not that latent merits may escape his notice, but that he may be led to overpraise a praiseworthy book. The writer makes a mistake in describing *Thelma* as a Society Novel. The part which deals with fashionable London—about one-third of the whole—is not any worse, it is true, but it is not much better, than the stuff which is turned out by scores of ephemeral novelists. In the "Land of Mockery" (that is, London) all the old hacks with new names are trotted out to go through

their familiar paces—Mrs. Rush Marvelle, the fashionable marriage-broker; Mr. Snawley Grubbs, the society journalist; Miss Maria van Clupp, the vulgar American in search of a titled husband; Sir Francis Lennox, the vicious baronet; and Lord and Lady Winsleigh, the good nobleman with a faithless wife. We are told a great deal about the "modern fashionable atheism" and "the insatiate vanity that modern life encourages in the feminine nature," as if these were blots which especially disfigured the present generation of men and women. The writer may be put on her guard against the temptation of airing her opinions on all kinds of miscellaneous matters. When we take up a novel we do not want to read a discussion on Mr. Watts's "faulty drawing" or Walt Whitman's "commonplace sentence-writing." She may be reminded, too, that even a baronet with a double-barrelled name would not sign his letters like a peer. This, by the way, is not the vicious baronet, though he does write compromising letters to a burlesque actress. On the contrary, he is the hero of the tale; and a very good fellow he is, though he does talk of an exalted personage as "Albert Edward," and though he does prepare himself for the House of Commons by studying Cicero's Orations. Here we come to an end of the faults in *Thelma*.

The first "book" is entitled "The Land of the Midnight Sun," and describes the adventures of Sir Philip Bruce-Errington and his three companions (each of them delightful in a different way), who are yachting in the extreme north of the Norwegian coast. They meet with strange folks, and see unexpected sights; and Sir Philip brings away as his bride a beautiful and accomplished but entirely unsophisticated girl. Her entry into London life and her return to Norway form the subjects of the second and third "books." Her winning simplicity, her gentle humourousness, and her unflinching affection for a husband whom she believes to be unfaithful to herself, are more than enough to account for her success in the artificial society into which she found herself transplanted. The womanly strength and sweetness of her character are well brought out in the following paragraph:—

A choking sob rose in her throat—but she repressed it. "I must try not to weary him," she continued softly—"I must have done so in some way, or he would not be tired. But as for what I have heard—it is not for me to ask him questions. I would not have him think that I mistrust him. No—there is some fault in me—something he does not like, or he would never go to—" She broke off, and stretched out her hands with a sort of wild appeal. "Oh, Philip! my darling!" she exclaimed, in a sobbing whisper, "I always knew I was not worthy of you—but, I thought—I hoped my love would make amends for all my shortcomings."

Her father, Olaf Guldmar, a descendant of the Vikings, who still adheres to the faith of the old Norsemen, is sketched in bold lines, and makes an effective contrast to the Rev. Charles Dyceworthy, a sensual hypocrite, who revels in the contemplation of the eternal torments reserved for Papists. The good man is not wanting in a sly kind of cleverness:—

"Come and see my bees," said the Reverend Charles, almost pathetically. "They are emblems of ever-working and patient industry—storing up honey for others to partake thereof."

"They wudna store it up at a', perhaps, if they knew that," observed Sandy, significantly.

Mr. Dyceworthy positively shone all over with beneficence. "They would store it up, sir; yes, they would, even if they knew. It is God's wish that they should store it up; it is God's wish that they should show an example of unselfishness, that they should flit from flower to flower, sucking therefrom the sweetness to impart it unto strange palates unlike their own. It is a beautiful lesson; it teaches us who are the ministers of the Lord to likewise suck the sweetness from the flowers of the living Gospel and impart it gladly to the unbelievers, who shall find it sweeter than the sweetest honey."

In the conception of the dwarf Sigurd, half madman and half genius, with his absorbing love for Thelma and the crimes into which it leads him, we recognize the true note of pathos, and the end of Olaf Guldmar has a fantastic grandeur of its own. *Thelma* may not be a great work, but it certainly is a pretty tale, with an original and fascinating plot cleverly and tenderly told.

The Mammon of Unrighteousness, by Mrs. Bennett Edwards, a tale of country-town society, is a bright and humorous bit of writing, which is only spoiled by the unsavoury romance associated with the most important of the female characters. It would be unfair to analyse the clever but disjointed plot of an honestly amusing book. With the exception of Mrs. Romaine's long-suffering husband (conscientiously designed for a type of magnanimous virtue, but dangerously like a simpleton), the men and women in this book are not meritorious persons. The nicest girl is Mab Demvirs, a squire's daughter, who stands by her friends through good and evil report; and she is properly rewarded with the hand of a young nobleman who is more slangy than herself. But it is not pretty talk, when two young ladies are discussing affairs of the heart, for one of them to exclaim to the other, "Ah! it's your turn to look like a turkey-cock now, my friend." Mrs. Romaine's reformation is a hard nut for the moralists to crack. But, in spite of her being a defiantly unfaithful wife and the anonymous writer of an indecent and malicious novel, her generosity to the rascal whom she loves, her misfortunes, and her sense of humour succeed in retaining for her the sympathy which she repeatedly forfeits. Mrs. Adair, deserted and calumniated by the man whom she has married, and retaining all her love for the other whom she had jilted (without a shadow of excuse), but bravely doing the duty that lies before her, becomes the "instrument" of her friend's conversion to a higher and more womanly life. She is quite conscious of her own faults, and quite free from cant. She is lovable, but dull, and in both respects stands in marked contrast with

* *Thelma*. A Society Novel. By Marie Corelli, Author of "A Romance of Two Worlds" and "Vendetta!" 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

The Mammon of Unrighteousness. By Mrs. H. Bennett Edwards, Author of "Pharisees" &c. 3 vols. London: J. & R. Maxwell.

A Leader of Society. By Mrs. Alexander Fraser, Author of "Daughters of Belgravia" &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

most of the other characters in the *Mammon of Unrighteousness*. It abounds with lively dialogue, and some of the "situations" are farcically humorous. The novel is so good that it ought to be much better; and without being what Lord Cravington calls "a proper old starchy," we regret the objectionable matter which forms a large element in the *Mammon of Unrighteousness*.

A *Leader of Society* starts life with being "reasonably suspected" of acting as decoy for a gambling casino in Spain. She is introduced to the reader while she is conducting a very flavoured amour with a German Prince:—

She slides out of his grasp, and falls on her knees, and lifts up the lovely face that Heaven ever created to the moon.

"I swear to love you, Heinrich, until my life's end! so help me God!"

He goes down on his knees beside her.

"I swear to love you, Reine, until my life's end, Gott willig!"

Having thus sacrificed to sentiment she returns to business at the tables; and, within two hours of the moonlight declaration, falls into love at first sight with another man, an English hero, Gordon Alleyne, commonly known amongst his friends as *Bayard sans peur et sans reproche*. She follows him out into the gardens, faints at his feet, and takes the opportunity of kissing his hand. At the time Bayard is disgusted, being a man very nice in his ideas about women; but a few months afterwards the pair are thrown together in an English country-house. She has of course dropt the casino episode out of her life, and flatly denies that she has ever been in Spain. "I suppose it was my Double," she says; and again, "I have a Double, you know." At first she fibs with judgment, but the proverbial easiness of lying leads her into superfluities. "There is one thing only that mars my perfect happiness, Gordon, and that is that I am not your first love, as you are mine." Even this might pass, but she goes on to declare that her only acquaintance with the German Prince consists in having once met him at a dinner. Detection was inevitable, since the Prince was on the spot and was trying to revive the old relations, although he is at the time engaged to marry an heiress who is also on the spot. Even Bayard's eyes are opened; the consequent rupture of relations brings upon her a sharp attack of brain-fever, from which she recovers to find herself possessed of an unexpected fortune (a fine old house and park with 250,000*l.* cash). Meantime Bayard has gone off to marry his cousin Doris, and he treats her decently until he meets with temptation. After some philandering with his old love he suggests elopement, but for his sake she refuses. (This is to be remembered to her credit, being the only piece of decent behaviour recorded of any of the chief actors in Mrs. Alexander Fraser's novel of society.) Bayard sickens and dies, but not before he has told his wife that her love is worth nothing to him, and that he "hates and loathes" her for being in his way. Exit *Bayard sans peur et sans reproche*. The reformed and enriched adventuress marries Lord Cheviotdale and becomes a leader of society. But the German Prince and another cast-off lover blow upon her reputation, and induce one of the Lord Chamberlain's emissaries (who is "a perfect gentleman") to hide himself so as to overhear a compromising interview between Lady Cheviotdale and the German Prince. At the last moment she is forbidden to attend the drawing-room and takes an over-dose of chloral. The appropriate motto of this tale is taken from *Hamlet*:—"Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." The Prince is meant to be a villain, so we cannot complain because he combines murder and fortune-hunting with boasting of a woman's weakness and using it for her ruin. But Philip Gresham, on the other hand, is described as "a thorough gentleman in his feelings." In spite of this, he is a "tuft-hunter to the backbone," and takes part in a plot to expose the girl whom he had loved. In all the three volumes there is not one clever remark or one lively scene. Perhaps Mrs. Alexander Fraser could not help that; perhaps she has painted high life to the best of her knowledge. She might have avoided the crowning vulgarity of ticketing some of her minor dummies with the names of real persons slightly and stupidly altered. But let nobody order her novel in the hope of reading scandals about live lords and ladies. To do her justice, it is "all out of her own head," and all the information which it gives about actual personages might be gained more easily from society paragraphs and shop-window photographs. Her style is worthy of her matter; and it admits of plenty of italics and plenty of French scraps. Once the heroine breaks into Latin:—"I don't care if I never see a *genus homo* again." Her arrival on the scene is announced with a slightly varying formula—"It is *her*," at i. 27, "By Jove, it's *her*," at i. 43, "It cannot be *her*," at i. 53, and at i. 150 Bayard exclaims, "I gave myself up to the folly of believing you were *her*," and so on "through every declension of the verb" (i. 102).

SCOTLAND AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.*

ON no other subject in the world probably has so much mischievous nonsense been talked and written as on the history of property in land. It is a favourite topic with the social agitator, partly because it enables him to appeal to uneducated sentiment, and partly because it requires so much study to understand it rightly that he can display his own ignorance with little fear of correction. And questions relating to the ownership and

tenancy of land in Scotland are peculiarly liable to be made capital of for purposes of agitation; for few people know anything about the principles involved in them, and many are ready to pronounce upon them on wholly false grounds. Sentiment and romance stand in the place of history, and an ignorant sympathy is accorded to every effort to return to conditions which either never actually existed or which have been cast aside as detrimental to the well-being of the people at large. It is therefore no small gain to have such questions discussed by one who is so thoroughly conversant with them as the Duke of Argyll; for no one certainly has better materials for their history ready to hand, or a larger practical experience of their present bearing, or a more honourable record in relation to them. In the volumes before us the Duke points out the place held in the progress of Scottish civilization by the changes effected in the system of tenure and in the cultivation of the land, exhibits the increase in prosperity that has arisen from a due regard to the rights and obligations of property, and exposes the falseness of the idea that any portion of the poorer classes in Scotland has suffered from the principle of exclusive ownership. Here and there he illustrates his arguments by bringing before us family papers that throw considerable light on the subject in hand, or by recording some particulars of his own doings as a landlord, while his intimate acquaintance with the condition of agriculture in Scotland both at the present time and for many years past, his thorough knowledge of the country and his delight in its natural beauties, give a special interest to some other parts of his work. At the same time, the general interest of his book is considerably impaired by the wordy style in which it is written, by the length and frequency of the digressions, and by the faultiness of its arrangement. The temper of the reader is often tried by sententious remarks, which, though honoured by the printer with a marvellous profusion of capitals, are nevertheless usually little more than dreary platitudes—such as, "There is no place in Science for the Slatern or the Sloven," and "Mind comes before Matter; Brain comes before Muscle; Head comes before Hands." In spite, however, of some faults of manner, these volumes are well worthy of careful study. Treading in the footsteps of Mr. Skene, the Duke sketches partly from Sir John Davis's account of the Irish custom of tanistry, and partly from "Anglo-Saxon" charters, the character of the exactions from which the occupants of land suffered under the Clan system in Scotland. Of the tribal organization of society in the Highlands we know nothing certainly; it had virtually disappeared before the later organization of the Sept or Clan by the time that the history of the country begins. The change gave the chiefs hereditary and practically unlimited power over their tenants, who were forced to render them services of "unfixed character and extent." We cannot fully agree with all that is said here on what is somewhat awkwardly described as "Celtic Feudalism." "Dominion over, and exclusive possession of, property in land," for example, seem to us to be incompatible with the rights of "mormaers" and "toisechs." The revenue of the chiefs was mainly derived from the rights they exercised over land in the occupation of others; and, though land was often conveyed free of service, the late Mr. E. W. Robertson appears to have had good ground for laying down that a complete enfranchisement required the concurrence of all who had claims upon it. The old Celtic system, which tended to throw all power into the hands of the chiefs, gave way before the definite rights and duties of Anglo-Norman feudalism, expressed in charters. Feudalism, however, did not overturn, but rather settled and defined, pre-existing conditions. There was no break in continuity, and the brevity of the earliest charters bears witness to the fact that men did not consider that the act they were performing was anything new, though they were adopting a new mode of recording it. During the two centuries that passed between the death of Malcolm Canmore and the death of Alexander III. the charter came to mark the freeholder, to be the evidence of proprietary right. The tendency of the age was towards a clear definition of the rights of parties. It is traced in the Acts conferring burghal "freedoms," and we are told, though we do not see on what evidence, that these "freedoms" were generally approved of for "national" reasons. From charters of ownership the Duke of Argyll passes to leases for cultivation, and points out how the Scottish bondmen, unlike the villeins of the South, rose in the social scale by being moved from one estate to another, and how during the fourteenth century "serfs and bondmen practically disappeared, and the system of free tenants holding under free covenants became the established usage of the country." The oldest lease now extant, one granted in 1310 by the Abbot of Seone to two gentlemen of Perth, is given here, and presents, as the Duke observes, some special points of interest. It is what would now be called an improvement lease. The term was for thirty years, and the rent was to rise from two marks for the first two years to ten for the last ten years of the tenancy. "In the loose language of modern agitation the tenant would have to pay this increase 'upon his own improvements';" but then, as we are shown here, men in those days recognized the fact that improvements cannot be the tenant's "own," save in a measure, because they are made "upon and out of materials, opportunities, and guarantees which come from the owner." In every part of the country in the Highlands, as well as the Lowlands, wherever law was maintained the authority of charters and covenants was recognized, and every advance that was made in agriculture and civilization was due to the principles on which they were founded.

In describing how progress was interrupted in the Highlands

* *Scotland as it Was and as it Is*. By the Duke of Argyll. 2 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1887.

and Border districts by the lawlessness of the clans, the Duke of Argyll distinguishes with much force between the "primæval tribe and the clan, or "military aggregation" round some chief, who was a "mere deserter and apostate from a higher civilization." Several stories of ferocious deeds and a sketch of the condition of society in 1603 illustrate the disastrous effects of the revival of Celtic usages, though it is, we think, a mistake to speak of "hand-fasting" as a peculiarly Celtic custom. The "Statutes of Iona," an engagement entered into by the Western chiefs in the reign of James VI., afford sufficient proof of the miserable condition of the people who, in addition to the payment of rent, had under the clan system indefinitely heavier burdens imposed on them. In order to check these evils, the Scottish Parliament appealed to the rights of ownership, resting on charters, and by the Act of 1587 (the date 1578 wherever it occurs in Chap. V. is a misprint) commanded proprietors of land to resist the claims made by the chiefs upon their tenants. Meanwhile an advance had been made in agriculture, chiefly, the Duke of Argyll considers, through the operation of the Baronial Courts, which enabled owners to carry out the policy of Parliament and the Crown, and to oppose their rights to the lawless demands of the chiefs. In the course of an interesting account of Highland agriculture at the close of the sixteenth century we are reminded that the disappearance of the "Summer Shealings," about which so much gushing romance has been spoken and written, is simply due to the fact that the management of cattle is better understood than it was in earlier days. The condition of the Highlands gradually improved after the union of the Crowns, and the transfer of estates from disloyal chiefs to more peaceable and civilized owners was often accompanied by "replantations" of the country, which powerfully aided the advance of industry. One of these "replantations" was carried out in Kintyre by the famous Marquess and his son, the ninth earl, who settled Presbyterian Lowlanders in various parts of the district. Several particulars are given which bear on the overcrowded state of the Highlands in the early part of the eighteenth century. The formation of Highland regiments—a step which the Duke points out should be ascribed to Lord Islay (third Duke of Argyll) and Forbes of Culloden rather than to Pitt—afforded some outlet, and indirectly benefited the country by encouraging emigration to Canada and America. Later in the century the population was increased by three new causes, the effects of which are carefully traced here—by the adoption of inoculation, the introduction of the use of the potato, and the trade in kelp. Meanwhile a change had been effected in the position of the cottars of the Hebrides, which has a special interest in connexion with recent events. The oppressive services exacted by the tacksmen from their sub-tenants were brought to an end by Forbes of Culloden, acting for John, the second Duke; money-rents were fixed by local competition, and the sub-tenants who had hitherto been tenants-at-will received leases from the proprietor. The reason of this change is given in Culloden's own words; it was to deliver the sub-tenants "from the tyranny of the Tacksmen, to free them from the oppression of Services and Heredels, and to encourage them to improve their farms by giving them a sort of property in their grounds for nineteen years by Leases." Occupiers of this class held not in severalty, but partly in common and partly on the runrig system, and, accordingly, while a new lease was granted to each tenant, all were made jointly and severally liable for the whole rent. This change is noteworthy as the completion of the advance from mediæval to modern conditions of tenure; a covenanted rent took the place of unfixed services. Partly from these old sub-tenants, and partly from others brought in by new tacksmen, have come the present "Crofters." The potato and the kelp caused a rapid increase in the Hebridean population, and naturally also in the subdivision of land, and when the kelp trade was destroyed and the potato crop failed, the inhabitants of Tyree were in danger of starvation. The Duke describes the measures he has taken to bring about a return to principles which have secured the wealth and civilization of the rest of Scotland, and speaks with dignified contempt of the "very ignorant sentiment" which has lately been made use of in order to defeat his plans for the welfare of his tenantry and the improvement of his property. Chief, indeed, among the changes that have brought about the advancement of Scottish agriculture is the gradual disappearance of "township" farms, cultivated in runrig—a system which, as is shown here, is not really communistic, and has none of the advantages of either common or individual tenure. We have not dwelt on the remarks on history and political economy that occur in these volumes, because they are altogether subordinate to the main purpose of the book. We cannot, however, pass by the statement that Charles II. was "vindictive" without a protest, or forbear observing that, though the Duke is very severe on Ricardo's definition of Rent as one that "fills his belly with the East wind," we do not find the counsels of the Scottish Eliphaz equally satisfying.

THE MINISTRY OF FINE ART.

MR. GAMBIER PARRY has been known so long as an artist, and something more than an artist, that this volume of collected essays cannot but be welcome. He understands art both theoretically and practically. He can write about it, and he can

also practise it. His criticisms, therefore, are not merely fine thoughts put into fine language by a writer who might as well have adapted his remarks to agriculture or astronomy, but they relate to painting, sculpture, architecture, or stained glass in their practical aspect; and more than that, Mr. Parry has amassed and thoroughly digested an immense quantity of information from various sources as to the subjects of which he principally treats. He is like the Chinese swallow that gathers all kinds of materials, and so assimilates them that they become the edible nests dear to Oriental cookery. In each essay the same completeness is visible. Everything bearing on the subject has been read, and not read only, but thoroughly digested, and the student who wishes to understand mosaic, or fresco, or the theory of colour as applied to architecture and sculpture, or the meaning of emblematic figures, will find everything laid out clearly before him in the briefest possible space. The first essay is on "The Purpose and Practice of Fine Art," and the first sentence in it may be taken as the text of the whole book:—"Fine art comes of the union of love and labour, for without love it has no sufficient motive, and without labour it can have no success." Art, especially in England, would be a different thing, and art criticism a less disagreeable and thankless task, if this sentence could be impressed on the mind of every young artist. It allows nothing for "knocking off." "The first step," says Mr. Parry, "in a student's life is to divest his mind of all idea that genius can dispense with labour." Unfortunately a brief survey of the schools and scholars of art at the present day would lead an unprejudiced visitor to a wholly different conclusion, and to read Mr. Parry's excellent maxim as if it said "The first step in a student's life is to imbue his mind with the idea that the more rapidly, easily, and carelessly he can do his work the better, so long as the public is content to pay for it." Some of the most incomplete and scamped designs, whether in painting, sculpture, or architecture, are the most in favour with the public, and there is not much use in talking to artists until their patrons are better educated. Mr. Parry's second essay is on "The Ministry of Fine Art to Common Life." There are many admirable sentences in this chapter, which, after proving its initial proposition, goes on to make such remarks as this:—"Of all the vices which pollute the source and thwart the progress of fine art, the striving after novelty is among the worst." Again, "the genius most precious to mankind is continuous." And again, "the perception of beauty is one of the most precious endowments with which God has blest humanity." The craving for beauty is irrepressible, and Mr. Parry truthfully points out that the long eclipse of national art among us came from the loss of artistic sense among the lower classes. What art there was a hundred years ago was for the enjoyment of the wealthy few; and he might have added that the unparalleled success of such books as Bewick's, whose *Quadrupeds* was first issued in 1790, was due to the appeal they made to the minds and feelings of ordinary people. It was a witness to the usefulness of "the ministry of fine art to common life." The tailpieces appealed directly to the hearts of those who had seen similar pictures in nature without special remark; and, above all, they needed no explanations, they required no text or title to tell what they meant. "Incomprehensible art," says Mr. Parry, "is only so much rubbish, and selfish and sensual art is only worthy of the flames." Every critic has been brought into contact with artists who could wax eloquent in describing the hidden meanings of their great designs, but who forgot that such elucidations would be impossible when a picture came to be exhibited in a public gallery. Blake, to whose work Mr. Parry makes several references, was sometimes mysterious in this fashion, but the meaning of those of his designs which are best known and most popular is as clear as the day.

As an example of the more practical chapters in Mr. Parry's comprehensive work we may select that headed "The Art and the Artists of Glass Painting, Ancient and Mediæval." It contains, within the compass of some fifty pages, almost all that is worth knowing on the subject by any one except a professional artist. It is, on the whole, a sad catalogue, not of great works so much as of works lost. What would we not give now for Gambasso's windows placed in Holyrood Chapel in 1434, or for the glass destroyed in Burgos Cathedral in 1813, or the lights in the Vatican for which Raphael furnished the designs? Mr. Parry traces the gradual changes in architecture as well as in glass which supplemented each other from the time when a few small pieces could be patched together and used to fill a small Norman or lancet opening down to the time when stained glass was as much a part of the decoration of the church as the mullions and tracery of the windows. In places the solid roof was supported on walls mainly made up of windows with their tracery. It is interesting to note that, though we cannot claim the Fairford windows for Albert Dürer, a pupil, the great Aldegrever, signs his name to some fine glass in the choir of the church at Conches. "Of Albert Dürer himself there is no doubt about his influence on this art, but no works can with certainty be assigned to him," although the windows traditionally ascribed to him in the north side of the nave at Cologne may be his. Mr. Parry seems to assume that the glass of the twelfth century in Canterbury Cathedral is of foreign origin; in which assumption he perhaps hardly allows enough for the distinctly English character of some of the designs, and for their similarity with the drawings of English artists in the books of the period. He quotes from Horace Walpole "the earliest recorded commission for a painted window in England." This is an order by Henry III. for making three glass windows in the chapel of St. John, in the Tower

* *The Ministry of Fine Art to the Happiness of Life. Essays by T. Gambier Parry.* London: John Murray. 1887.

of London. But Mr. G. T. Clark gives the original reference (*Medieval Military Architecture*, ii. 263) to the Liberate Rolls of 10th December, 25 Henry III. (1240), which can hardly be called "the early part of the thirteenth century." The exact description, too, by Walpole is incorrect. It should run:—"One, to wit, on the north part, with a certain small figure of Mary holding her Child; the other on the south side with the Trinity; and the third on the same south side with St. John the Apostle and Evangelist"; the order is addressed to the "custos of the works." Mr. Parry observes as curious that the early glass-painters in all countries "appear to have rarely signed their names." Mr. Westlake has certainly disposed of the idea that Dürer signed the Fairford glass; and Mr. Parry cannot find an earlier name in England than that of "Walter the Glazier," who in 1303 made 140 feet of painted glass in Exeter Cathedral; but a window at Rouen is signed by Clement "vitrearius," of Chartres, who is known to have made it in or about 1270. Robert of York was paid at the rate of twelve pence per foot for his glass in the west window of York Minster. Mr. Parry bestows high praise on the stained glass of the thirteenth century in the Sainte Chapelle at Paris; but we fear he is mistaken in considering the greater part of it as original. We have seen many examples from it in private collections, and several whole windows are at the South Kensington Museum. The fact is, Mr. Parry is inclined to be too easy on the malpractices of "restorers," with whom, no doubt, in his hot youth he was intimately connected. A different kind of "restoration" from that which has so greatly vulgarized the Sainte Chapelle is mentioned by Mr. Parry in the same paragraph; the desire to obtain the greatest possible space for stained glass is well illustrated by the east window of Gloucester Cathedral, where the walls of the most eastern bay are sloped outwards to obtain an extra space for the mouldings of the window frame and thus to secure the entire width of the choir for the glass. "This great window still contains its original glass, dating from about 1370, the parts repaired being supplied by old fragments from windows of the clerestory and Lady Chapel." This is, indeed, conservative restoration; and very different from the course pursued at Canterbury, where, to continue a series of windows, the old ones were copied and repeated—at a long interval as regards colour and quality; or from that pursued at Westminster, where some modern windows are worked over with surface patterns to make them purposely indistinct, and give them a fictitious appearance of dusty antiquity. Mr. Parry's chapter on the "Adornment of Sacred Buildings," which comes next, is equally full of interesting matter, comprising in particular several pages devoted to the description and consideration of various portraits professing to represent Our Lord. It need hardly be said that, though Mr. Parry traces the history of these likenesses with loving minuteness, he cannot bring himself to have any faith in their genuineness, or in the genuineness of the traditions by which they were supported.

In an appendix we have some account of the methods used by Mr. Parry in his famous paintings on the roof of Ely Cathedral; but those who expect to find anything more about those decorations will be disappointed by the modesty of the author, who, indeed, keeps himself studiously in the background throughout the volume.

THE ANGLO-INDIAN CODES.*

THE law of England, as adopted and administered in British India, has now been to a considerable extent, though still far from completely, reduced to the form of systematic codes. It is twenty-five years since the Penal Code, due both in design and in execution to Macaulay as its chief author, was, after many years' delay, definitively enacted. Most persons who have paid any attention to the theory of legislation and the question of codification are aware that the process thus begun has from time to time been repeated on other branches of the law. Few, however, who have not been personally concerned with the administration of justice in India would be able to say on demand, or to ascertain without some trouble, exactly how far this operation has been carried, or whether the Government of India has had any continuous policy in the matter. Moreover, there has been a sensible and practical want of annotated editions of the Codes brought down to date. A collection of the Anglo-Indian Codes furnished with historical explanations, embodying amendments in the text wherever amendments have been made, and giving references to the decisions of the Indian Courts on the Codes, is a work sure to be of good service in many ways. No fitter person could have been found to undertake this work than Mr. Whitley Stokes. In the course of his official experience in India he took an active part in the preparation and passing of several of the Acts here collected; he is familiar with the machinery of Indian government, but has not ceased to be familiar with the mind of English lawyers, and does not thrust local details on his readers without need. In official spelling he is something of a purist, but not more so than his text. The present volume contains the codes of substantive law. A second volume will give the Procedure Codes, Evidence Act, Limitation Act, and other matters of "adjunctive law."

* *The Anglo-Indian Codes*. Edited by Whitley Stokes, D.C.L. Vol. I. Substantive Law. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1887.

Mr. Whitley Stokes's experience has made him not only a believer in codification, but a fervid believer. He distinctly charges the Government of India with backsliding because four or five years have passed without the appearance of any considerable codifying Act, and hints at "causes that must not be here stated." One cause which, being notorious, might quite well have been stated, is that during no small part of those years the legislative department of the Government of India was fully occupied with the Bengal Rent Bill, not to mention the transitory disturbances produced by the so-called Ilbert Bill—a disturbance not the less troublesome because the intrinsic importance of the matter in dispute was absurdly exaggerated. Mr. Stokes, however, informs us that a Bill dealing with actionable wrongs has meanwhile been prepared in England. Now, the law of actionable wrongs, or Torts, is ill defined as to its limits, obscure in many details and in some points of principle, and in some parts it is not yet well settled in this country, or appears to be in a state of transition. And when it is settled what the law of England really is, many questions may arise as to applying it to the use of British India. To mention one or two which occur. Shall actions of trespass for nominal damages be allowed? Shall the rules of the Indian Penal Code as to defamation be followed, or shall a new set of rules for civil liability be framed upon the latest English authorities? And in the latter case shall the distinction between slander and libel be retained, or shall the law be amended to meet Indian feeling and usage in this and other details? Again, the Code must deal with a master's liability for the negligence of his servants in the course of their employment. What shall it do with the case of the person injured being a fellow-servant? Shall it discriminate against him to the extent of the common law as settled by the modern English and American cases? or shall it, with the modern law of most Continental nations, discriminate not at all, or even in the workman's favour? or shall it follow the elaborate compromise of the Employers' Liability Act? These and suchlike matters are not to be disposed of merely by neat draftsmanship; they are grave matters of policy, and must be maturely considered. We do not see in this a reason for not codifying the law of civil wrongs at all. On the contrary, we think it possible and desirable to make a working code of at any rate so much of the law as is of practical utility in England or British India; and the obscurity of certain parts of it makes codification, in our opinion, all the more desirable, though certainly more difficult. But we do think that, having regard to these difficulties, and to the obvious general causes of delay already mentioned, four or five years is by no means an excessive time for the undertaking.

Indeed we feel bound to say that, with all their merits (and they are great), the existing Anglo-Indian Codes might in many parts have been all the better for being subjected to a longer and more minute revision before they were enacted. Every written law which goes beyond mere regulation of details is a work of art; it can no more afford to dispense with unity of design and continuity of execution than a monumental building. It should proceed from one mind, or from very few minds working in intimate association, and it should be framed, if not by one hand, at least under uniform general direction and by hands trained in one school. Where these conditions cannot be satisfied in the first instance, the next best thing is to secure a certain measure of uniformity by careful authoritative revision in the final stage. In England even this is seldom attainable. The difficulties under which the Parliamentary Counsel's office has to do its work, and the awkward and inartistic devices thrust on Parliamentary draftsmen by the form of our legislation, have long been complained of and remain unremedied. The Government of India is less hampered, though not quite so free as might be supposed, and it may be said to have made good progress in founding a school of legislative composition. The results obtained are, on the whole, worthy of the succession of distinguished men whose services in the Governor-General's Council are commemorated by Mr. Whitley Stokes; and we must add that no small share of the labour and the credit belong to Mr. Stokes himself. Still, there has been in some cases a want of continuity. Measures long held in suspense, perhaps by excessive scruples, have been finished and passed in something like haste. Not only the work of different hands, but work done from quite different points of view, has been pieced together with an incongruous effect. Comparison of the original drafts of certain Acts as prepared by the Indian Law Commission in England with the Acts as ultimately passed will show that the draftsman and the legislator were not really on the same lines. Another source of unequal workmanship, and sometimes of positive error, is that the framers of the Indian Codes, and of the Contract Act in particular, were tempted to borrow a section here and a section there from the draft Civil Code of New York, an inflection which the sounder lawyers of that State have been happily successful, so far, in averting from its citizens. This Code, with which Mr. Dudley Field's name is commonly associated, is in our opinion, and we believe in that of most competent lawyers who have examined it, about the worst piece of ambitious codification ever produced. It is constantly defective and inaccurate, both in apprehending the rules of law which it purports to define and in expressing the draftsman's more or less satisfactory understanding of them. The clauses on fraud and misrepresentation in contracts—which are rather worse, if anything, than the average badness of the whole—were most unfortunately adopted in the Indian Contract Act. Whenever this Act is revised, everything taken from Mr. Dudley Field's code should

be struck out, and the sections carefully recast after independent examination of the best authorities.

Mr. Whitley Stokes might have given greater facilities for the study of the Anglo-Indian Codes in comparison with English case-law, a study which we hold to be most profitable even for English lawyers who have no practical concern with India, and which will be necessary for the revision of the Codes when the time of revision comes. A large proportion of the illustrations added to the enacting text of the Codes are taken bodily, or with slight variation and simplification, from the facts of English reported cases. Mr. Stokes, however, has not generally given the references. He does expressly note a case in which the Contract Act has adopted a decision of the Common Pleas afterwards reversed by the Exchequer Chamber; whether this was by deliberate preference or by inadvertence does not seem to be known. One strange slip occurs in Mr. Stokes's notes on the preliminary title of the Contract Act; it is worth mention, as there is time to repair it in the second volume. "Quære," says the note, "whether the rule that the obligation on a bill of exchange or promissory note may be raised without consideration is still in force in India." *Dormitat vir doctus*—as we all do at times. Of course there is no such rule; except in the ingenious contention of a certain very learned American writer that it ought to be so. The rule is that consideration is presumed as between the original parties, but the presumption may become conclusive in favour of a subsequent holder for value; effect is given to this in British India by the Evidence Act, s. 114, illustration (c), and the Negotiable Instruments Act, s. 43. But as to thinking worse of Mr. Stokes's work as a whole for this obvious mistake, let him do so who has gone through an equal mass of detail without making at least as bad ones himself. We do think that a little more detailed information as to the history and sources of Anglo-Indian legislation would increase the utility of the book; but it is workmanlike and useful as it stands.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ARCHERY.*

MR. FORD'S book on archery was a perfect model of what such a treatise should be. It was written by an accomplished and experienced master of the noble craft, for the practice of which it has been since the date of its publication, in 1856, the best, and indeed the only, guide. Its style was simple and concise; and it has not often occurred that a person best qualified for such a task has undertaken to give the results of his own practice and study for the advantage of his competitors, as well as for the instruction of those only beginning to learn the art in which he has himself so greatly excelled. But thirty years have elapsed since the first appearance of Ford's admirable manual; during that period further experience has improved upon some of his precepts; the views for the first time announced by him have in many cases been further developed, and it was high time that the substance of his work, which had become difficult to procure, should again be made easily accessible. The duty of revising, correcting, and extending Ford's little volume could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Butt, who is himself so well known in the world of archers, and who has won so much esteem and gratitude for the excellent and devoted manner in which for so many years he acted as honorary secretary to the Royal Toxophilite Society, a post in which a leading archer and active official can be of great service, not only to the members of the Club who are more immediately benefited by it, but indirectly to the whole body of the lovers of the bow, among whom the Society whose ground is situated in the Regent's Park has always occupied a central and leading position. Mr. Butt is also so fortunate as to possess peculiar qualifications for giving good counsel and information to the many ladies who now join in the fine and graceful pastime of archery, for his wife is well known as having been distinguished among them, and has frequently taken the first place at public archery meetings.

Ford's book was a small and slender volume of 128 pages; Mr. Butt's revised and extended edition of it is a full-sized octavo of 296 pages; so that while preserving all that is valuable in Ford, it is obvious that much fresh matter has been added to it, and this embodies all the further knowledge and experience which has been gained from the practice of a whole generation of shooters.

A preface contributed by Mr. C. J. Longman explains and justifies the way in which Mr. Butt's revision and amplification of Ford's text has been performed. It would not have been convenient or desirable simply to reprint Ford and give the new matter in the shape of notes. For much of the old text has become obsolete, and it would not have been sensible to relegate to the secondary position of a commentary the latest and best and most practical information. The old book has, therefore, been rewritten; the fresh materials have been skilfully worked into the former fabric; useful and interesting quotations are given from old Ascham's *Toxophilus*, and a full record is furnished of the best scores made by ladies and gentlemen at public meetings held during the last forty years. It is truly stated by Mr. Longman that Ford was the founder of modern scientific archery. By example and precept he changed what had been mere "playing at bows and

arrows" into a scientific amusement. He was the champion for eleven successive years, from 1849 to 1859, and again, after an interval, in 1867. His best scores, whether at public meetings or in private practice, have never been surpassed. Those who have enjoyed the advantage of seeing Ford in the field will not readily forget the pleasure and instruction to be derived from close observation of his shooting. His figure and form were all that was most excellent; his attitude before the target, his firm but graceful bearing, his nocking, his draw, his hold, his loose, and his watching of his arrow in its flight, all deserved and repaid study.

It is only since the more extended rivalry, and the more accurate attention given to the essential principles of good shooting, caused by the annual Grand National Archery Meetings, commenced at York in 1844, that the practice of archery has assumed its modern success and importance. The revival at the end of the last century led to no effective or noteworthy results. Indeed, at the second meeting at York, in 1845, when the Double York Round was shot for the first time, Mr. Muir was able to obtain the championship with a score of only 537. Now a score of 700 is seldom among the first ten, and the general level, both for ladies and gentlemen, continues to rise. It was in 1857, and at Cheltenham, that Ford made his marvellous performance of 245 hits and 1,251 score, and this has never since been beaten. It was Ford who recognized the fallacy involved in the old precept that the archer should draw to the ear, and who substituted the more correct principle that the arrow should be drawn directly beneath the eye. All lovers of shooting with the bow, and it may be trusted that there are many, will agree in hoping that the publication of this new edition of Ford will help to increase the popularity of archery. It is a sport no less ancient than interesting in its history and associations, and is one which affords the finest opportunities for indulging in healthy and graceful exercise, no less than for the cultivation of courtesy, good temper, patience, perseverance, and command of the nerves. The increasing favour which has of late years been accorded to some new forms of outdoor pastimes may perhaps have interfered with the practice of shooting with the bow; but it is satisfactory to know that the public meetings continue to be well attended both by ladies and by gentlemen, and the increase of the good scores made is enough to indicate that there must be frequent practice on private grounds and lawns.

The chapters devoted to the description of the archer's tackle, and how to use it to the best advantage, are full and clear; and many small but important matters which it is very difficult to explain by words alone are made intelligible to any careful reader. Such are how to make the loops in the bowstring, and how best to lay it, to receive the nock of the arrow—things which every archer ought to be able to do easily for himself, so as not to be always obliged to resort for them to the bowmaker's shop. There are some very interesting remarks upon the vexed question of the real length of the ancient "clothyard" or "clothier's yard" shaft. It has been generally believed that this length was the same as that of the standard yard—namely, three feet—but in the absence of any positive proof, the weight of probability is certainly against this assumption. One of the best pieces of presumptive evidence of the length of the old English war-arrow exists in the form of a silver arrow (presumably a model of a real one), now in the possession of the Royal Toxophilite Society, and inherited by it along with other things from the old Finsbury Archers. It bears the date of 1663, and it is only 28½ inches long, the usual length of a modern arrow being 27 or 28 inches. The ancient Scorton arrow, supposed to be of the year 1672, is of no greater length, but this has been broken and repaired, and does not exhibit any date upon it. An Act of Parliament of Edward IV. mentions "shafts of the length of three-quarters of the standard," which would give a length of 27 inches; and it is further suggested that this is the length of the Flemish yard, and that Flemish bows, arrows, and strings were always held in repute. The length of the arrows still employed in Oriental countries, the average height of man, and the incapacity of wooden bows to resist the strain of a very long draw, may also all be adduced in favour of the belief that the old arrow, except perhaps for extraordinary purposes, was of much the same length as the modern one. But there is no specimen extant of such an arrow as those which did such good service at Agincourt. There must have been thousands stored in the Tower and other places at the time when the archer's arrow was finally superseded by the less certain bullet of the musketeer, but they were probably destroyed, like the old Exchequer tallies, as useless in themselves, and without a thought of their antiquarian interest, and so the dispute must remain without definite solution.

The chapter devoted to an account of the records of public meetings is instructive in showing the progress of archery and the great advance made in the excellence of scores, as well as the variation in the shooting of the best shots, affected as it always must be by personal circumstances of health, training, and nerve. The earliest archives are those of the Scorton Arrow Meetings, going back as far as the year 1673. These led to the establishment of the "Grand National," held, as has been already mentioned, for the first time at York in 1844. To the Yorkshire archers also is due the invention of the York Round, now almost universally acknowledged as the best test of excellence in shooting, with, for gentlemen, its six dozen of arrows at 100 yards, its four dozen at 80, and its two dozen at 60 yards, so arranged under the belief that about the same scores would be made at each distance—a belief which has proved to be fairly correct as regards the average of archers. The Ladies' National Round of

* *The Theory and Practice of Archery.* By the late Horace Ford. New edition, revised and re-written, by W. Butt, M.A., for many years Hon. Secretary of the Royal Toxophilite Society. London: Longmans & Co. 1887.

four dozen arrows at 60 yards, and two dozen at 50, was not established until 1851, and was adopted as corresponding with the 80 and 60 yards of the full York Round. There have been annual meetings at Leamington since 1854, and at the Crystal Palace since 1859, a Great Western meeting has been held since 1861, and a Grand Northern since 1879. Since 1881 a Double York Round meeting has been held in the ground of the Royal Toxophilites in London. In 1872 an improved method of scoring was adopted. Instead of pricking the hits on a card, with spaces coloured to represent the gold and the rings on the target, the value of each hit is at once written down in figures for every end, and many chances of error are in this way avoided.

Ford's best score of 1,251 was at Cheltenham in 1857, and his second best of 1,162 at Leamington in 1856; but his other scores at public meetings over 1,000 were only five in number. Major Fisher, Mr. Palairat, and Mr. C. E. Nesham are the only other archers who have reached 1,000 at a public match, and this only in five instances. Among ladies, Miss Legh's score at Bath in 1881 of 840, when she made all the 144 hits, stood first until beaten by Mrs. Legh with one of 864 and 142 hits at Leamington in 1885. Other scores of Miss Legh's at the Crystal Palace were 792 in 1882, and 809 with 143 hits in 1885. Mrs. Butt's score of 785 at Leamington in 1870 comes next to these. Six other ladies only are mentioned as having made scores of 700. To pass to the records of longer distances, in shooting 144 arrows at 120 yards, a score of 273 with 67 hits made by Mr. G. E. S. Fryer is the highest on record. On the Cruden day in the Regent's Park in 1854 Ford, shooting 144 arrows at 100 yards, made 362 with 88 hits. But in 1883, on a similar occasion, Mr. C. E. Nesham made 478 with 104 hits—a very remarkable score, considering the distance and the large number of arrows to be shot.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

THE parcel of books on Ireland which we have before us testifies to the unfortunately abiding actuality of the subject. We wish we could say that it also testifies to the amount of ability, good intention, and instructed intelligence which is being brought to bear on that question; but perhaps that would be going too far. The first volume, Dr. Ingram's account of the "real" Union (not the fanciful abomination which Mr. Gladstone has discovered, having almost come to fourscore years, and having remained in patient and tolerant ignorance of it during that time), is at least a useful and timely book—written, not merely on the right side, but honestly on that. As we are not accustomed to allow prejudice to interfere either way in our dealings with such matters, we may as well say frankly that Dr. Ingram, though he has done well and very well, might have done better. He has mingled weak arguments with his strong ones, and of course his adversaries—even if they were less unscrupulous than the Separatist party of the moment is by the very fact and history of its existence—will be certain (we had almost said, will be entitled) to pick out the weak arguments and neglect the strong. For instance, it is certainly unwise to lay any stress whatever on the fact that some of the compensation for boroughs was paid to Englishmen, and still more unwise to count Lord Wellesley as an Englishman. The facts which Dr. Ingram himself puts forward show how utterly unnecessary any such special pleading is. As a matter of fact, the opposition to the Union, not the promotion of it, came from jobbers and boroughmongers, and considering the history of Irish boroughmongering (which had been on quite a different footing from English, and had very much the character of the over-regulation prices paid for commissions), compensation for the loss of such property was not only just but unavoidable. But what is most remarkably set forth in Dr. Ingram's book, and what is most persistently ignored by the lying "patriot" histories and those who choose to take their cue from them, is that the Union was not universally or even generally unpopular in Ireland, and that out of Dublin and a few other places where agitation against it had excited the populace, both Protestants and Roman Catholics acquiesced in it readily enough. Accidentally, too, Dr. Ingram disposes of a crowd of fallacies, or rather falsehoods, which are now commonly uttered by Separatists, such as that there was no question of Ireland siding with England's enemies when she had an independent Parliament, that the persecution of Irish trade was systematic and universal, and so forth. Of course those who most need the book will not read it, and some of those who will read it know the facts already. But, though English political opinion generally is not exactly a learned opinion, there are some impartial voters who read, and to them the book may be warmly recommended. They will see at least what measureless (let us

be charitable and say) recklessness marks the statements of Mr. Gladstone on a subject of which, as he has by his own confession been content to remain ignorant of it, for a long life of politics, and no short one of supreme political power, he may be presumed to be even now scantily informed.

The *Letters from Ireland*, which were published in the *Times* about this time twelvemonth, contained some valuable information, but except that they really supply a telling illustration or anecdote now and then to a public speaker, we own that we are not very hopeful of much good being now done by newspaper letters. The Separatist party have very ingeniously poisoned the wells by supplying glaringly false accounts. The falsehoods thus conveyed do a double duty. If they are believed, that is so much gained to the Separatist cause. If they are exposed, at least part of the result is a general want of confidence in all newspaper news on the subject. The political smashers may or may not pass their own base coin; but they are nearly certain to excite distrust in the true money. Still it would never do to leave off telling truth because others tell falsehoods, and there are many valuable facts here. When English electors learn how tenants have quite recently given nineteen and twenty years' purchase under the rose for tenant's interest in the very counties where the National League declares that payment of any rent means starvation, they can draw the inference for themselves. The correspondent has also given some valuable information as to the liberal construction which Irish tenants of the better class are inclined to put on the live-and-let-live standard. There is good reason to believe that both in England and Ireland agricultural depression means to a great extent the impossible attempt to live, not as a farmer should live, but as he would like to live. Although a certain youthful member of Parliament made himself unpopular some years ago by blurring the fact out, in other businesses and professions that means bankruptcy, and we do not quite know why the *fortunati agricolæ* should be exempted from the consequence.

If we treat Mr. Barry O'Brien without very great respect, it is not because he is a Nationalist. A Nationalist who can bring anything like argument to bear, even one who shows an honest originality, like the late Mr. O'Connor, is sure of respectful treatment here. But, in the first place, Mr. O'Brien's book is a mere warming up of magazine and review articles, and, in the second place, though we have not the faintest intention of impugning, or hinting impugning, of his honesty, his point of view, and the arguments with which he supports it, are so exceedingly worn and stale, that it is impossible to do much more than say, with all politeness, that we think we have heard that before, and to pass on to the next book. But out of our great charity, and not because "we always like wopping a Separatist," we will just pause to demolish what is a fair specimen of Mr. O'Brien's style of argumentation. He is talking of the old quarrel between Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude, which, now that Mr. Lecky has definitely taken the side of ninety-nine out of every hundred men of combined honour and brains, vexes Separatists so sharply, and he sums up by saying that Mr. Lecky "must be prepared to take his stand by Mr. Gladstone and constitutional government, or by Mr. Froude and pure despotism." Now whether Mr. Froude's plan means pure despotism we care very little. Let Mr. O'Brien say it does if he likes. But even an Irish Separatist might be expected to see that his other alternative of "Mr. Gladstone and constitutional government" is a *suggestio falsi*, or, at any rate, a begging of the question which can hardly be beaten either in audacity or else in carelessness. For the contention of Unionists is that constitutional government is no more bound up with Mr. Gladstone's plan than it would be with the plan of a community of loose women and their bullies for being freed from inconvenient police regulations. We choose this illustration on purpose, in order that any Separatist who likes may display the nice honour and delicate logic of his party by asserting that we have compared the population of Ireland to the persons in question. And having done so we may then say that constitutional government is no more bound up with Mr. Gladstone's plan than it would be with a plan for rendering the University of Oxford independent of Parliamentary control. The Unionist theory is that the "Irish people" is a silly misnomer for a non-integral part (itself much divided) of a larger "people," and that it has no more right to "govern itself" than Yorkshire or Holderness, or the Spurn Lighthouse. All which Mr. O'Brien's argument deliberately or foolishly neglects. And of such logic is his book constructed generally.

C. M. Towle (whether man or woman we know not) is an American, as a short introduction tells us, and he or she (let us say he for convenience sake) has undertaken to instruct Englishmen in their own wickedness. The American, however, is not of course responsible for this silly introduction, or for a sillier postscript in which the introducer, whoever he is, shows that he knows nothing of the relation of American States to the Union, and that he has not learnt the lesson of American history. If he has invented the phrase "Anglo-Celtic Empire," however, he is rather an original person, and we respect him for it. As for Mr. Towle, his summary of recent events, though written distinctly from the "right and justice" point of view, is clear, and as far as the facts go neither inaccurate nor unfair. We have no doubt that Mr. Towle intended to observe equal accuracy and fairness in his earlier parts. Unluckily the acceptance of the general theory that England has been wickedly oppressing Ireland for seven hundred years makes it as impossible to be either accurate or fair as the opposite theory (could it be held by any sane man) that all the dealings of England with the sister island have been angelically amiable and divinely

* *The History of the Irish Union.* By T. D. Ingram. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

Letters from Ireland in 1886. By the Special Correspondent of the *Times*. London: Allen. 1887.

Irish Wrongs and English Remedies. By Barry O'Brien. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1887.

Young People's History of Ireland. By C. M. Towle. London and Edinburgh: Nelson. 1887.

The Irish Purchase Scheme, as viewed by a Citizen of the Empire. London: Hatchards. 1887.

Ireland in the Days of Dean Swift. Edited by J. B. Daly. London: Chapman & Hall. 1887.

just. What is so much wanted, and what it seems impossible to get, is a historian of Ireland who shall recognize the plain fact that during this famous seven hundred years England has, as a rule, been neither above nor below the European morals of the time in dealing with a population who have certainly been more difficult to deal with and yet more impossible to leave alone than any people whose circumstances are recorded by history. The Irish have always been recalcitrant, and the process of anchoring Ireland a thousand miles out is unluckily not feasible. Being unable to anchor Ireland out, and equally unable to have permanent anarchy established next door, the English have tried all sorts of ways to get Ireland out of anarchy. In the sixteenth century the ways were usually violent, and occasionally treacherous, as were all the ways of the Renaissance. In the seventeenth they were even more violent, but, except in some few instances, less treacherous. In the eighteenth they took the line of ingenious and cumbersome legal restriction; in the nineteenth of headlong and reckless removal of legal restriction. So soon as any one attains this preliminary point of view, and not till then, he will begin to see the events of the history of Ireland clearly. Mr. Towle is not anywhere near this Pisgah sight. He is fogged by the shocking character of the "original English right over Ireland" (which, however, by his own showing, was exactly the same as that of each successive one of the numerous races who, as he piously believes, conquered the country earlier); by his conception of the Irish as a people struggling to be free, instead of as a people determined to be anarchic; and by his certainty that the English were always tyrannous, instead of being, as they were, always determined to get the country governed, and frequently neither wise nor scrupulous in their choice of methods of governing. Hence he wanders up and down, stumbling over graves, and neither sees the light nor makes progress towards it.

The Irish Problem is a well-intentioned little tract written by some one who has read his Carlyle, on the whole, rather more well than wisely. He has a purchase scheme, a scheme for "industrial Parliaments," and other devices after the fashion of the Abbé Siéyès. Unfortunately, you must drive the nail where it will go in politics, and it is very seldom that you can even choose your nail. The book is, we repeat, well-intentioned, and some scattered points in it might be useful; but, as a whole, it is not practical nor practicable.

The body of Mr. Daly's book, or rather of the book edited by Mr. Daly, could hardly be other than welcome; for it consists of nothing less than the cream and flower of Swift's own writings—the "Drapier," the "Modest Proposal," the "Legion Club," and so forth. Mr. Daly's Introduction is well enough, though very hard on Queen Anne, who is dead, and, though written apparently from a Gladstonian standpoint, contains little or nothing that is untrue—a wonderful thing for a Gladstonian in these days. His view of Swift's character and conduct is, on the whole, quite right, and there is this to be said in his favour, that, while evidently quoting the Dean as a Home Ruler, he does not, like Mr. Towle, call him an Irishman. It has been frequently pointed out that, if Swift was an Irishman, Mr. Thackeray was a Hindoo. The short introductions to the several pieces are also, as a rule, sufficient, though the author is in more than one of them less careful to restrain his sentiments than in the general introduction. Mr. Daly, who, though a Gladstonian, does not seem to be a fool, will probably recognize his blunder when we suggest that Swift of all people would hardly have satirized the Legion Club because "it did not contain a single representative of the people who comprised the bulk of the nation." Another fling in this same introduction is so silly that we own for a moment we missed its meaning. "The colonial representation," says Mr. Daly, "were of the most degraded order." For about half a second we failed to connect this remarkable phrase (putting its dubious grammar aside) with Mr. Daly's favourite other phrase of "the English colony," and we are afraid that, now we do recognize it, we only echo an exclamation of the Ettrick Shepherd's about some similar utterance. "Oh, man! that's gay and stupid." It is especially stupid, because those with whom Mr. Daly argues are never tired of telling us that the Irish people are only striving to get back this "colonial representation," this degraded Legion Club, this "Parliament in which the bulk of the nation were not comprised."

HARVARD UNIVERSITY.*

THIS is a pleasant and scholarlike little memorial of the origins and early history of Harvard. Our only complaint against Mr. Bush is that he has relegated a good many of his best things to a collection of notes at the end of the volume, without any apparently sufficient reason. Harvard scholarship is in our own time renowned for its thoroughness, and Mr. Bush shows us how early the tradition was founded. These were the conditions laid down in 1642 for what we should now call the matriculation examination:—"Whoever shall be able to read Cicero or any other such like classical author at sight, and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose, *suo ut aiunt Marte*, and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue: let him then, and not before, be capable of admission into the College." We

do not, however, agree with Mr. Bush's inference that the standard of classical learning was really higher in the seventeenth century than in the nineteenth. The scholarship of that time was, in a way, both more extensive and readier than ours. Very likely President Dunster, the author of this regulation, had read more Latin of one sort and another than most living or recent Latinists; and we may assume that he could not only write but speak Latin with considerable fluency. But what made such fluency possible and not uncommon was that modern Latinity was still, as a whole, uncritical. If President Dunster's verses were like those which abound in the dedications and moral emblems of the period we may be sure they were not Ovidian; we may doubt whether his prose were really Ciceronian. As for Greek, it was then and long afterwards read through Latin spectacles. The rules of general discipline were more fitted for schoolboys than for young men, the usual age of entering being at all Universities much lower than it is now.

Mr. Bush notes among other things that "Sir" was the proper appellation of a bachelor of arts, and "Mr." was reserved for the higher degrees, and, it is said, for persons of quality. He does not seem to be aware that at the mother University of Cambridge the titles of "Dominus" and "Magister" are in official use to this day with the same meaning, as may be seen in any Tripos list. It remains to be seen in that fulness of time which Mr. Llewelyn Davies would fain hasten and Mr. Sidgwick would rather await in patience, whether the first woman who takes a real degree will be inscribed as *Domina*, or claim *supra grammaticam* to write herself *Dominus* with the men. Harvard, conservative in the midst of democracy, has as yet admitted only a very slight foreshadowing of anything like Newnham or Girton. Still less can we expect in this generation that the young men of Harvard and the young women of Wellesley College shall send their crews to contend in the boat-race of which Dr. Holmes has given us so charming a picture in *A Mortal Antipathy*.

RECENT MUSIC.

THE last of the series of those eminently useful little books issued by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. under the title of *The Musician* now lies before us. The author, Mr. Ridley Prentice, has rendered a service to pianoforte students and to the public generally which is difficult to over-estimate. The six grades of *The Musician* are simply invaluable to the thoughtful student. It is true, perhaps, that nearly all that is contained in this work is to be found elsewhere, as far as simple instruction is concerned; but the value of these six slender volumes (they are only some ninety pages each) lies in the fact that the student is made to apply his knowledge to the musical work in hand under the guidance of a highly experienced master, whose one object is to help him, as the title-page informs us, towards the better understanding and enjoyment of beautiful music. These six booklets are by no means dry instruction books, in the sense in which the word instruction is too often used. They are handbooks for every one who intends to give so much study as is necessary in order to understand and enjoy good music. Any person who really cares for the art, and is not simply one who says he does so because it is a cheap way of gaining a reputation for "culture," in fact, any one who really loves music for itself, will find this series an almost invaluable help. Let any such work through the carefully progressive analyses of the different pieces here treated, and in a few months he will find himself, if not a finished musician, at least what is next best, an intelligent listener, and one possessed of a power of appreciating and enjoying the highest class of music, whether pianoforte or orchestral. If he fails after this by no means severe study to attain the end we predict, he will, at any rate, have learned to value at its worth the nauseous gush which passes current in society as musical criticism, and to realize that music is not a subject upon which any one who has the patience to sit through a concert, not one note of which he can understand, has a right to give an opinion.

"The Brazen Serpent" is a sacred cantata in three parts by Dr. John Naylor, the words being selected from Scripture by the Rev. J. Powell Metcalfe, and published by the London Music Publishing Company, Limited. It would appear that this cantata has already been received with favour by the public, as the copy before us is marked second edition, which must be a subject for congratulation to the composer. It is certainly a very musicianlike piece of work, and, being devoid of any excessive difficulties, is well suited for amateur choirs. The name of the organist of York Minster is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the workmanship. Mr. F. St. John Lacy has written some very effective music to the words of Edgar Poe's "Annabel Lee." It is arranged as a solo for tenor, with a chorus which is very cleverly handled by the composer. "Twelve Songs to Old English Words," by Mr. Erskine Allon, is a further contribution by this charming writer to the other sets of songs which have already appeared. This set is to our mind fully equal to the "Six Songs to Seventeenth Century Words" and "Six Songs to Words by Sir Thomas Wyatt," both of which we have already noticed. Mr. Allon has begun well (these songs are marked Opus 7), and we trust he will persevere in giving us true music which elucidates rather than distorts the words of these old-world lyrics. Two more songs by the same composer are "King Witlaf" and "If it be Love," both of them of much higher order than the usual drawing-room song. Mr. O. Morse

* *Harvard: the First American University.* By G. G. Bush. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

Boycott's song "Sweet bird, answer me," Miss A. E. Horrock's "The Bird and the Rose," and Lady Borton's "The Golden Gate," are all effective songs, though not marked by any great traits of originality; while "I once had a sweet little doll, dears," by Miss Mary Shillington, is a graceful setting of Charles Kingsley's words, to which is added a very effective violoncello accompaniment. "A Triumphant March" for the organ, by Mr. C. Hoby, is good specimen of festive music, and has been performed, we are somewhat vaguely informed on the title-page, "with great success at the Exhibition and at the principal organ recitals." A second series of Mr. Erskine Allon's "Sketches in Dance Rhythms," consisting of a polonaise, valse lente, bourrée, and saltarello, will be welcome to those who admired the first series, and they will be found to be of equal excellence. A pretty rustic dance, called "Burnham Beeches," by Mr. J. F. Musgrave, brings the publications of the London Music Publishing Company to a close. Messrs. Novello, Ever, & Co. send us a "Te Deum," written by Dr. W. T. Belcher, forming a part of a Morning Service in C, which will be welcome to all who are not already acquainted with it. Mr. Gerard F. Cobb, whose male part-song "A Message to Phyllis" charmed us so much, has written a madrigal in six parts, entitled "The Sleeping Beauty," which we venture to predict will meet with as much favour as his earlier work achieved. The madrigal is published by Weekes & Co.

Messrs. Tito di Gio. Ricordi send us "Lovers Still," a masterly song by the evergreen Signor Ciro Pinsuti, and "At the Convent Gate," by Signor F. P. Tosti—the words of both songs by Mr. F. E. Weatherley—and "The Lady Folkestone Waltz," by Signor A. Romili, a very graceful piece of dance music.

From Messrs. E. Ascherberg & Co. we have two ingenious pieces of pianoforte music by Mr. Tobias A. Matthey, entitled "A Waltz Whim" and "In Winter." The former is a piece in waltz measure, sparkling and full of variety, and the latter, which is called a "silhouette"—for what reason we are unable to say—is an effective and graceful little effusion. Mr. George Lamothe's "Happy Vision" is a taking waltz, as is also Mr. H. Law's "La Gondola."

"The Spinning-Wheel," as sung by Miss Adelaide Detchon, by Mr. Alfred Stella, comes to us from Messrs. Patterson & Sons, of Edinburgh, and is already too well known to require any recommendation from us, as do also "Far Away," by Mr. J. C. Griever, and "The Song of the Primrose," which will be a favourite with the members of the League. A graceful "Morceau à la Gavotte," by Mr. W. Dixon, and "Parting," a song of considerable merit by Mr. Clarence Alexander, reach us from Mr. C. Jefferys, both of which can be recommended.

Mr. C. Pesta-Cooper's "For me, dear Love," is of the ordinary drawing-room type; while Lord Henry Somerset's "I come to thee" is more remarkable for the music than the words, which are, to say the least, no more than commonplace jingle. It is a common fault in modern songs, but one none the less to be deplored, that the music is so often much better than the words, and we cannot but regret that when the composer, as in this case, is also the poet, he should descend to such doggerel as these verses. These two songs are published by Messrs. B. Hollis & Co.

Mr. W. Dawson, the organist of Hope Street Church, Liverpool, sends us a Pastoral in A major for the organ, which exhibits all the scholarly writing which he has hitherto employed in the productions he has already given to the public.

Among the miscellaneous songs and pieces Mr. P. G. Mocatta's "A Song of Summer," published by Messrs. W. Morley & Co., Mr. Merton Clark's "England," published by Mr. A. Cox, and "Six New Songs," by the late J. P. Knight, author of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," all of which recall his familiar style, and a Valse entitled "Our Empress Queen," by Mr. Edward C. Doughty, are worthy of notice.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

AN interesting paragraph in military history might be made out of the fortunes of those Eastern soldiers of fortune, Mamelouk and other, who were attracted by the genius of Bonaparte in Egypt, who followed the wreck of the French army to France, and who in some cases contributed not a little to the success of the French invasion of Algeria years afterwards. Of these, though of the second generation, was the subject of M. de Margon's (1) interesting sketch, a singularly good monograph of its kind, written with precision, but without dryness, setting forth the merits of its hero without disguising his faults (they were not grave ones, consisting chiefly of a sort of Eastern-French Gasconade, and a rooted aversion to "scientific warfare"), and showing skill in several minor points, especially the affixing of a short note of services, &c., like that of an Army List, to the name of every officer of any distinction mentioned. Of Circassian birth on both sides, General Abdelal was born at Marseilles in the year and almost (16th of June) on the day of Waterloo. He drifted naturally into the army, and served for the greater part of his life in Africa, but commanded in the Chasseurs d'Afrique both at Balaklava and Inkerman, and did good service, first as brigadier and then as general of division, under Chanzy in 1870-1. He was much mortified by being deprived of his brevet rank after

(1) *Le Général Abdelal*. Par le Comte de Margon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

the war, retired, declined a divisional command in the Kroumir affair (whereby it may be thought that he did not lose much honour), and died shortly afterwards; having, even as it was, given some point to the reproach that, whether the French can colonize or not, they certainly give more encouragement to "native" military auxiliaries than we do. M. de Margon has not concealed the inconveniences of this practice, but he has illustrated its advantages.

Very good things may be said of Arrède Barine's (2) volume of essays, the most important of which are devoted to three Englishwomen—Mrs. Carlyle, George Eliot, and Mary Wollstonecraft. There has been recently in England and in France (there are two notable examples of it, Mr. Augustine Birrell and M. Jules Lemaitre, both of whom we name *honoris causa*) a certain tendency to promote mere *causerie*, more or less witty but with no attempt to focus the subject critically, above pure criticism, such as that which Sainte-Beuve never neglected, *causeur* as he was. These portraits, though as far as possible from being arid or academic, distinctly attempt something higher than the mere saying of more or less clever things more or less closely connected with the subject, and they succeed. They are written with good taste, good knowledge, and a great deal of insight.

M. Darmesteter's *La vie des mots* (3) is a very little book; but it would take a very large review to do it, in any sense, justice. Suffice it to say that the course and transformations of language are treated in it something after the well-known fashion of Archbishop Trench, but with more of modern science and with scarcely less of literary spirit.

Mme. Ida Brüning's "Theatre in Germany," from the origins to Lessing's time, is an interesting book (4), and will teach most readers a good deal. And we say this being perfectly aware that there are some inaccuracies and not a few misleading and insufficient phrases therein, especially in the earlier part.

The disenchantment not infrequent on the taking off of masks is a commonplace; and we own that we liked "Théo-Critt" better than Théodore Cahu (5). It is not that he appears to love our nation even less than the Germans, for he has a perfect right to hate us if he likes; we are not, indeed, sure that a good Frenchman ought not to hate England, and *vice versa*. But his book is dull, which "Théo-Critt" seldom used to be; it is in ill taste in much less disputable ways than its occasional Anglophobia; and, above all, it is silly. No doubt it is shocking to a Frenchman to see French flags in German churches and French cannon melted down into German statues. But, if so, why does he go and look at them? "The world is so full of a number of things," as Mr. Stevenson excellently remarks, that surely Frenchmen might look at some of the others.

In different ways the readers of the five novels we have ranged together can hardly go wrong. To say that *Le Horla* (6) and its companion stories are admirably written and in parts most originally conceived is simply to say that they are by their author; which, again, is equivalent to saying that not a few of them are by no means intended for the young person or for old persons who are delicate in taste. But *Le Horla* is the first story, we think, in which M. de Maupassant has tried the supernatural. "His supernatural is" fairly "goot." As for M. Huysmans, we have always suspected that he is a young man of an exquisite but carefully concealed humour. We are sure of it since, following his revered master, M. Zola, with humble steps, he has in *En rade* (7) described at great length the coming into the world of—a calf. The parody on *Pot-bouille* could not be nenter. Of the author of *Paris et Brahmine* (8) we know nothing; but it is far from uninteresting, and seems to be a kind of far-off echo of Judenhetze. The bad part is played by Parsees, "the Jews of the East," as the author reminds us, and the wicked English nabob of French Indian novels disappears. *Marfa* or *Le palimpseste* (9) is already known favourably to readers of the *Deux Mondes*; and as for M. Fortuné du Boisgobey (10), one has but to mention any *dernier* of his to bring good tidings to his lovers.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT is hardly surprising that biography should be almost swallowed up in history in the *Life of Henry Clay*, by Mr. Carl Schurz, in the "American Statesman" series, the English edition of which forms two small and neat volumes, printed at the Riverside Press of Boston for Mr. Douglas, of Edinburgh. Dealing with a political career extending to fifty years of intense activity, the biographer of Henry Clay is naturally called upon to exercise the functions of the historian. In a narrative to be commended for force and conciseness Mr. Schurz is sincerely intent on critical impartiality. While his judgment is, on the whole, both sound and discriminating, his attitude towards Clay is free from hero-

(2) *Portraits de femmes*. Par Arrède Barine. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *La vie des mots*. Par Arsène Darmesteter. Paris: Delagrave.

(4) *Le théâtre en Allemagne*. Par Ida Brüning. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Chez les Allemands*. Par Théodore Cahu ("Théo-Critt"). Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Le Horla*. Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *En rade*. Par J. K. Huysmans. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(8) *Paris et Brahmine*. Par Carla Maria. Paris: Plon.

(9) *Marfa*. Par G. Augustin-Thierry. Paris: Perrin.

(10) *Cornaline la dompteuse*. Par Fortuné du Boisgobey. Paris: Plon.

worship and the superstitious reverence commonly felt towards men whose reputation as statesmen is often confused with their fame as orators. Henry Clay the orator is a more imposing figure than Henry Clay the politician and statesman. Writing of his last years, when the slavery question was assuming new form, Mr. Schurz observes "Clay had gradually learned to understand the South well." The lesson, like many another, was very slowly mastered. It was natural that he should advocate compromise, being himself a slaveholder and at the same time possessed with a genuine anti-slavery sentiment in theory. He was little qualified by nature to triumph in the arts of compromise. The famous Alabama letter, that lost him the Presidency in the contest with Polk, and his conflict with Jackson on the Bank Charter question, conclusively prove that, though a great leader, he was scarcely a great tactician. His speeches are still good reading, though Mr. Schurz, who compares his oratory with Webster's, is undoubtedly right when he observes, "His most potent faculty has left the most imperfect monuments behind it."

The Present Position of European Politics, by the author of *Greater Britain* (Chapman & Hall), comprises six essays reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* and discussed in these columns on their appearance in that periodical. In a concluding chapter the author deals with certain points raised by his critics, and explains misapprehensions, or elucidates without modifying his original views.

Mr. Charles Isham's handbook, *The Fishery Question* (Putnam's Sons), shows conscientious labour in compilation, and comprises a clear statement of the history, origin, and growth of an intricate question. A good map and a reference table of authorities are thoughtfully provided.

Fifty Years of British Art (Manchester: Heywood) is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, R.A., suggested by the collection of pictures now exhibited at the Manchester Jubilee Exhibition. There is nothing so likely to try the eclecticism of the critic as a survey of this kind, and Mr. Hodgson is remarkably eclectic in his estimate of British painting. He has something appreciative to say of the most antagonistic schools of painting. Criticism, perhaps, was not to be desired in a book designed for the guidance of visitors; certainly it makes a shy and modest show in these pages when not shrouded in vague generalities.

For young people who love records of travel and the marvels of nature there is excellent matter in Mr. John Gibson's *Great Waterfalls, Cataracts, and Geysers* (Nelson & Sons). Mr. Gibson has selected his material from many sources, and treated his subject skilfully. He knows how to describe in terse vigorous language, free alike from affectation and diffuseness. The book is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, some of which are excellent, though we fancy they are old acquaintances.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons are also the publishers of a capital reprint of Motley's historical memoir, *Peter the Great*, with very curious and interesting illustrations reproduced from Professor Brückner's biography of Peter the Great.

There is unwonted variety in the last two quarterly numbers of *The Century Guild Hobby Horse* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) The April part contains interesting memorials of Arthur Burgess, written by Mr. John Ruskin, and a paper on arbitrary conditions of art by Mr. Mackmurdo, whose summary of the true artist's work is comprehensive, if a little cryptic. It should be "in the make of it technically right; in the manner of it sensuously beautiful; in the subject of it symbolically interesting." Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Horatian Echo," a poem written in 1847, finds no uncongenial place in the July number, but the gem of the series, beyond all question, is the humorous pen-and-ink sketch by Rossetti that illustrates a readable article by Mr. H. P. Horns. It represents Miss Siddall drawing Rossetti, and is dated September 1853. Extremely comic is the contrast between the pathetic eagerness of the lady and the fierce expression, as of heroic self-sacrifice, that characterizes the painter.

We have received several examples of *The Story-Book Readers*, a series of excellent little reading-books for very young children, edited by Mr. G. H. Sergeant, and published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co.

Two recent additions to "Macmillan's Foreign School Classics" are the first part of *Wallenstein's Lager*, edited and annotated by Mr. H. B. Cotterill, and *Wilhelm Tell*, with notes and introduction by the editor of the series, Mr. G. E. Fasnacht. Each of these class-books possesses very useful maps, and in all respects shows judicious care in the editing.

Mr. Stephen Coleridge has hardly made the most of a dramatic subject in his historical romance *Demetrius* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), from a too faithful adherence to history. What is known as the feminine interest is sadly to seek.

We should hesitate to accept Mrs. Austin's *Friend Sorrow* (Burns & Oates) as "an everyday story," so unwholesome is the leading motive of the plot. Like many another moral tale, this story is anything but cheering or humanizing.

Mr. Charles Welsh discusses a congenial theme in his opusculum *On Coloured Books for Children*, which is printed for private circulation among the fraternity known as the Sette of Odd Volumes, of which he is the appointed Chapman.

Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen's *Edward the Black Prince* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is "an epic drama"—a portentous phrase applied to a long series of ill-connected scenes, with cuttings from Froissart interspersed. Some thirty English and twenty French characters figure in the drama, and their comings and goings are not a little disconcerting.

Mr. Woolner's charming poem *My Beautiful Lady* has lately been included in Cassell's "National Library."

We have received *Masters of the Situation*, by William James Tilley (Nelson & Sons); *Deus Homo*, by J. S. Fletcher (Washbourne); *At the Holy Well, &c.*, by J. J. Piatt (Dublin: Gill); *A Song of Jubilee; and other Poems*, by Mrs. R. S. De Courcy Laffan (Mrs. Leith Adams), (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); the tenth edition of *Obiter Dicta* (Elliot Stock); *The Lily and the Cross*, by E. Nesbit (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and *Columbus*, an Historical Play, by D. H. Preston (Putnam's Sons).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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I do not doubt that in the first instance the leading members of the Scientific world disbelieved and were prevented from giving serious attention to the existence of the newly-discovered facts in consequence of their corollaries being at variance with what has for more than two hundred years been accepted by the Scientific world as a necessary axiom in the so-called fundamental principles of Natural Philosophy, to formulate logically in theory the conception which was by Galileo, Descartes, and Newton brought into Natural Philosophy under the supposition of its being by theoretical necessity the First Law of Motion.

I repeat that I give the reputed leaders of the Scientific world credit for having in the first instance honestly considered any announcements professedly at variance with that "First Law of Motion" to be unworthy of consideration. The position of the question is now, however, changed; the course of scientific investigation has in the meantime been greatly influenced and directed by new discoveries of facts which, nevertheless, excepting those for which other explanation than the theoretical deductions through which their existence was discovered have been contrived, remain unacknowledged.

I now therefore charge the reputed leaders of the Scientific world with having too long persisted in what is, in fact, an unworthy course, whether it be their intelligence or their honour that is at fault in the question.

I have shown that, as a matter of theory, that "First Law of Motion" cannot co-exist with the Law of Gravitation; and that, as a matter of fact, the forces of INERTIA and MOMENTUM are really antagonistic and are erroneously confounded in the said First Law of Motion, making that law a source of error that vitiated and misdirected the course of scientific investigation for two hundred years before 1866.

I further claim (notwithstanding vague and unsubstantiated statements to the contrary) that neither the retarding action of ASTRAL GRAVITATION nor the REVOLVING FORCE OF GRAVITATION was ever demonstrated or suggested until they were suggested and demonstrated by me; and that they allow the so-called First Law of Motion no place in Natural Philosophy.

I challenge any one to show that the position given to the "First Law of Motion" was ever before disputed by the arguments and demonstrations employed by me (as inferentially stated in strictures which I, in the meantime, regard as mere reckless detraction, unworthy of Science); and I claim that I have demonstrated the manner in which any retardation of the earth's rotation tends to cause not only an apparent, but also an absolute, acceleration of the moon's orbital motion; and that no shadow of any such explanation existed before its publication by me.

There is no more than the average intelligence of any man of ordinary education requisite for perfectly understanding the question at issue, and I now invite any such who have leisure and inclination for a deeply interesting study, as well as position and spirit of independence to enable them freely to express their opinions, to communicate with me for the purpose of making appointments to discuss the subject, and perhaps urge this challenge for the honour of Science.

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